

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

Number 811

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THE FIRE?

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### FAR OFF A SOLITARY TRUMPET BLEW

AS CHARLEMAGNE WAS PASSING BY

Has the Grave of Roland Been Found at Roncesvalles?

### THE TWELVE WARRIORS

*Souls of the Paladins, are you returning?  
Is it your voices we hear when the horn  
is blown?**Roncesvalles! Roncesvalles! The shade  
of the great Roland**Is stirring still in your gloomy depths.*

Eleven and a half centuries ago Charlemagne's heart was stirred with questionings by a faint sound coming from the Valley of Roncesvalles.

Today rumours from that same valley in the Basque country of the Pyrenees are filling the hearts of lovers of romance with excited wonder.

Charlemagne was returning to France after sacking Pampeluna, but his little rearguard was surprised and overwhelmed by the Basques at Roncesvalles. Roland was there, and Oliver, and legend tells us that as he lay dying Roland blew on his horn to summon the king.

"Far off the solitary trumpet blew," and Charlemagne thought he heard its notes; but his followers reassured him and he rode on.

### The Perfect Knight

The historical Roland was a warden of the Breton Marches who fought for Charlemagne. After his death he came to be accounted the perfect knight. The epic Song of Roland, the first masterpiece of French literature, immortalised him. Only a hundred years ago its manuscript was found at Oxford.

This discovery was so important that the Basques have been celebrating its centenary. A professor who went to the festival was interested in the old chapel which is supposed to mark the place where Roland fell, and he suggested digging beneath it.

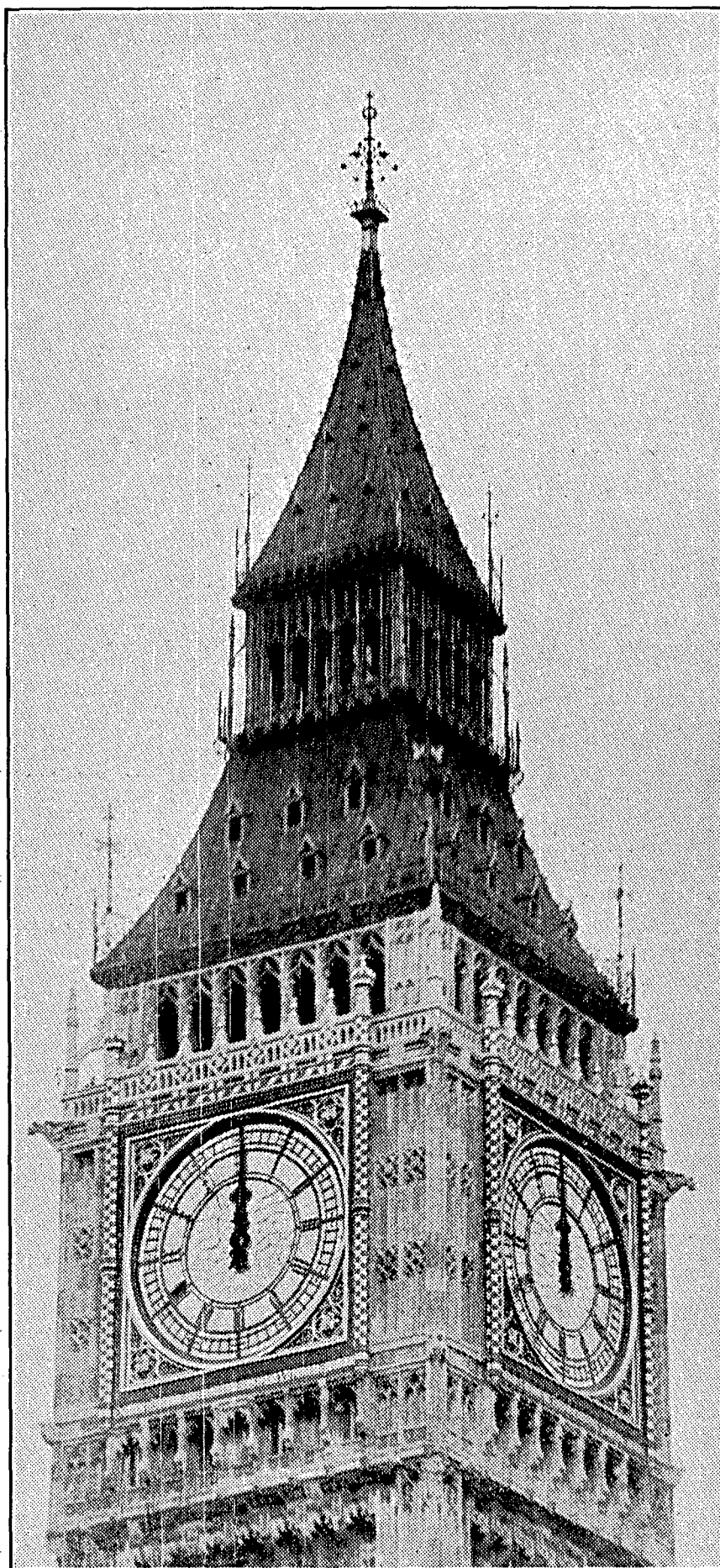
The result was thrilling. Only two feet below the surface a huge skeleton was found, then another, and another, until 12 skeletons appeared in a row, the exact number of the famous peers on the reputed spot of their death!

### Heroes of Romance

Is the little chapel which mountaineers have repaired down the centuries really the tomb of these heroes of romance? It is too soon to say, but the men who were laid here side by side died of wounds; some have an arm missing, and some have lost their heads, which have been found not far away, under a wall built in the 12th century, suggesting that they must have been buried before that time.

This echo of deeds of vanished days is not being allowed to pass unheeded. Experts have hastened to Roncesvalles, and now we eagerly await their opinion.

### Putting Back the Clock



Everywhere the politicians are putting the clock back for the world, and on Saturday night we must keep them company, all putting our clocks back one hour to Greenwich Time. Two of the shining faces of Big Ben are shown in our picture. The great clock has been cleaned and overhauled during the renovation of the Houses of Parliament.

### THE GREENWOOD TREE

A LITTLE TALE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

The Great Army of Souvenir Hunters and Their Bits of Bark

### CURIOS FROM THE WRONG ADDRESS

Those silly people who go about the world scribbling their names on walls, chipping bits out of cathedrals, cutting bark off trees, must be a little distressed by a piece of news concerning them.

For years they have been cutting bits of bark off a noble beech, which was supposed to be the beech of Thomas Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree*, a superb tree which had waved its gleaming pennons in the peace of Lower Bockhampton for a century and a half.

It stood majestically on a green mound, and year by year brought in the spring in the peculiar radiance that is the secret of beeches.

How many times did Thomas Hardy, passing by, stand to see once more in May the beauty of that bright green! He was born within a stone's throw of the tree, in Higher Bockhampton—the Upper Melstock of his novels. Not much more than a mile distant is the little churchyard where his heart was buried when the rest of him was laid ceremoniously away in Westminster.

### The Beech's Doom

Two years ago this magnificent tree was threatened with a fungus disease peculiar to beeches. If Lower Bockhampton had been awake and warned the Forestry Department it might have been saved perhaps; but the lovely tree was allowed to die, death creeping slowly upward. When, two months ago, a great branch crashed down the doom of the beech was pronounced.

And now that it is gone this news comes up to town from Lower Bockhampton—that the tree was not the Greenwood Tree at all, but another, and the souvenir hunters who have been cutting bits off it all these years had cut the bark of the wrong tree!

The Greenwood Tree is still alive and flourishing, four miles away, near the keeper's cottage in Yellowhaven (Yalbury) Wood. Long may it flourish, and long may these destroyers of beauty look at their miserable bits of bark and say a little prayer that God will make them wiser folk.

### LIKE A MIRACLE

Four men have crashed to death in a plane which refuelled Sir Alan Cobham's machine while flying over the Channel, and the death-roll would have been five except for what appears to be a miracle.

A journalist travelling on the plane from Portsmouth as far as Heston would have perished with the others but for a message which reached him at Heston summoning him back to London.



## SUNSHINE 3000 YEARS OLD

### TREASURES OF A REBEL'S CITY

#### Beads and Trinkets From the Court of Old Egypt

#### WHISPERS OF FAR-OFF DAYS

Links of beads that are links with the past are lying in a case at Hinde Street, Manchester Square, London, where the Palestine and Egyptian Exploration Funds are holding an exhibition.

They are so clear and vivid a blue as to make one feel they were made yesterday. In reality they are about 3000 years old.

They were made for the girls who smiled in the Sun that shone down on Tell-el-Amarna, the city on the east bank of the Nile, between Cairo and Luxor, which was built by a dreamer called Akhenaton about the year 1380 B.C. Today the Sun shines on two Arab villages whose humble roofs cluster where the proud Egyptian temples rose.

#### The Sun-God

When Akhenaton built his city he was a rebel, and knew it. The place for a king was Thebes, the capital, with its traditions and the law laid down as to how a king must rule and what he must worship. Akhenaton had a secret passion for religion, centring in the worship of the Sun-god Aton, and he built a new royal city so that he might study and dream unhindered.

He was content to live in Tell-el-Amarna, new and glittering and great, and he let the world pass him by. The empire weakened, was threatened with ruin, but he did not care. He basked in the favour and smiles of his Sun-god, and when death came he passed away content. Then the storm burst.

#### Policemen's Leather Collars

The Court went back to Thebes, and the people rose in a great anger and smashed to the ground the smiling temple built by the man who had betrayed his throne. When Tutankhamen was a boy the sound of the hammers breaking down buildings in Tell-el-Amarna could be heard. Soon they were level with the sands, and the setting Sun, flooding with light the streets of the tragic, deserted city, shone on many little households and personal treasures let fall when the townspeople followed the Court back to Thebes. They are here now, and many things more, dug out of the ruins and put in a glass case.

Not only the beads and trinkets are here, but the moulds they were cast in, and some hints showing that some of them were made for poor girls who could not afford gold beads and so had yellow glaze and green glaze for malachite, that lovely blue to imitate lapis lazuli. The excavators have found many fragments of pottery, bits of leather collars worn by Akhenaton's policemen, and a scrap of a clay dictionary which only enthusiasts could be thrilled about.

#### Ahab's House of Ivory

But they have also found some large wine jars of a perfect shape, a scarab of a king telling how he had killed 102 lions, a pottery paperweight that might have been made by a clay-worker today, a little bronze bull paperweight, a little boundary stone marking the angle of an estate, and pieces of sandstone on which sculptors practised large hieroglyphics, the lovely picture words of Egypt and people's heads.

In another room are some cases containing scraps of carved ivory used for lining walls in Ahab's House of Ivory, told about in the Book of Chronicles; some trinkets, pins, brooches, very elementary scissors, and two little pots of the ladies of Samaria in Ahab's reign, with scraps of colour left in the tiny colour holes. There is something very delightful in these echoes and whispers of that fantastic, far-off time.

## A VOICE FROM BEYOND

### Sunday's Good Cause

One of the most touching appeals ever addressed to wireless listeners will be broadcast by Lady Aberdeen on Sunday.

She will speak on behalf of the Homes for Little Boys at Farningham, Kent. But she will be speaking for another.

Last March the Marquess of Aberdeen, for over 60 years deeply interested in the welfare of these 500 homeless or orphan boys, passed away, and the life-long devoted companionship with his wife was suddenly severed.

But in the midst of her grief Lady Aberdeen still bore in mind a project very dear to him, and the promise he had made to broadcast an appeal on behalf of these boys in October. Within a few hours of his death she wrote to the



Lord and Lady Aberdeen

secretary to say that her husband's wish and hope must not lack fulfilment.

In a letter which is one of the most human documents ever penned she wrote that if her husband could speak she believed he would say his only regret was that he would not be able to deliver the broadcast. If he could do so from the other side she was sure he would.

The most devoted, the most generous, of those who have passed beyond cannot speak to us with earthly voice, but it may be that their wishes can speak for them. Lady Aberdeen resolved that she would speak the words of the appeal her husband had not lived to utter.

She will speak on Sunday as he might have spoken. She will voice the appeal he had at heart. Her broadcast is like a wreath laid on his grave, a wreath of flowers that will not fade, for the words come from two undivided hearts.

*We beg our readers to listen to Sunday's Good Cause, and to send their mile.*

## THE AVERAGE CITIZEN

### Mr Roosevelt Has Faith in Him

#### THREE WAYS TO GO

The American path of recovery continues to be hard.

It is no slight task to endeavour to organise so individualist a nation, and we must not expect President Roosevelt to work miracles. He has done much, and made many enemies, but more friends, in doing it. It was necessary to curb the financier and speculator, and Wall Street is angry. So are many American exponents of "big business."

Mr Roosevelt pins his faith to the average man's common sense. Recently he said: *Those who would measure confidence in this country in the future must look first to the average citizen.*

Happily there is every reason to believe that the President has still the confidence of the American people at large. We have faith that honesty and courage will have their reward.

Unemployment is still the lot of millions of Americans. Mr Harry Hopkins, who expresses views largely shared by the President, says there are three courses for America to follow.

The first is to aim at a maximum of private employment. The second is a permanent structure of Public Works to take up the slack in bad times. (This seems closely to relate to the policy long advocated in the C.N.) The third is Unemployment and Health Insurance.

## AND NOW IT IS 13

### More Work and Hope For Idle Men

When we started thanking our readers for their Ten-Pound Notes for the Castle Hedingham Scout Scheme (every ten pounds finding work for a man) six men had been taken off the unemployment roll by our readers.

Now the number has been more than doubled and has reached the lucky number of 13—thirteen and six-tenths to be exact, for we have six-tenths of the money to employ the 14th man.

Money has now come in £5 notes and single pounds from Bedford and Bath, Bramhall in Cheshire, Stockport and Sunderland, from Sudbury and Welwyn Garden City, from Edgbaston and Perth.

In one of our envelopes was a bundle of ten Treasury notes for a pound apiece, all clearly from no rich man's pocket, clearly money hardly earned, and with no name and no address, nothing but an anonymous note on a scrap of paper wishing these ten pounds had been a thousand.

On behalf of Castle Hedingham Camp we thank our readers for this generous spirit which gives new hope, new life, and new spirit to men in great distress.

## THE MAN ON THE BEACH

### His Strange Harvest From the Sea

*Where great whales go sailing by,  
Sail for ever with unshut eye,*

There, on the loneliest island of New Zealand, lived and died one of the strangest fishermen of the world. He fished for ambergris.

Adam Adamson was his name, his birthplace the Shetland Isles, his calling the sea. He served as an able seaman in the Rodney, but left the Navy to become a solitary dweller at Stewart Island in Mason's Bay, content to wait for the ocean currents to bring him treasure.

The treasure was the ambergris which forms in the heads of the diseased whales of the Polar seas. It may drift ashore in an evilly-smelling mass, but within, by some unexplained chemistry of Nature, ambergris, the basis of many of civilisation's most-sought-after perfumes, is formed.

On the desolate beach which Adamson patrolled for more than thirty years the Antarctic currents would sometimes sweep lumps of this odorous treasure. He waited for them, and sometimes made rich finds.

He never became rich in consequence, but he found enough to make a living; and he asked no more.

Now he has passed away, and the Ambergris King, as they called him, will soon be only a memory.

## MORE CHILDREN

### Birth-Rate Fall Checked

There is a check in the fall of the birth-rate.

In the quarter ended June, the Registrar-General reports, the birth-rate of England and Wales recovered to 15.6 per 1000 living. In the quarter 80,502 boys and 76,134 girls were born. An excess of boys is usual, but in the June quarter the excess was unusual.

The revival in trade has led to more marriages. In the June quarter 169,074 persons were married, 1454 more than in the corresponding period of last year.

In London last year the birth-rate was only 13.2 per 1000, as against 14.3 in 1932. The entire nation is threatened with the same calamity, and it is to be hoped that the slight recovery of June is the promise of a better record.

## LOOKING AT AN ATMOSPHERIC

### WHAT IT IS LIKE

#### Born With a Head and Developing a Tail

### SCIENCE MAY BE ABLE TO DEAL WITH IT

Atmospherics play noisy games on the wireless. The listeners often wish they could be told that good atmospherics should be seen and not heard.

Their shrieks and whistles are only too often heard, yet few wireless listeners have ever expected to see one.

But Professor Appleton and Mr Watson Watt have done more than see atmospherics. They have photographed them, tails and all, and tell us now how an atmospheric begins, how it grows, what it is like, and just what it does. They present to us the life-story of an atmospheric.

#### Born in a Lightning Flash

An atmospheric may be born in a lightning flash at Teddington, where the camera of the National Physical Laboratory is turned on it, and reach out to a wireless receiver 3000 miles away about a thousandth of a second afterwards.

It is born with a head, so the photographers tell us, and develops a tail. The head arrives at the wireless receiver first, bringing its tail behind it, and the tail may be 500 miles long.

The sting of the atmospheric is in its head, instead of its tail, though the tail makes more noise. The head vibrates in such a way as to pierce most wireless receivers. The tail has a vibration, or, in another phrase, a wavelength, which like a sound wave can make itself heard by the human ear.

It certainly does so, and sometimes the length of the waves is such as to produce a sound like a whistle. This sound, which all wireless listeners know, is something like the whistle of a passing train, dropping in pitch as the train goes by. It does not interfere with the receiving instrument so much as the more disturbing head waves.

#### Weather Forecasting

The tail grows because the shorter wavelengths appear to move faster than the long ones, though wireless science cannot tell why they should.

When more is known about the atmospheric's tail, why it wears it and how it lengthens, the scientific men may be unable to stop its growth, or prevent the disturbance it causes, but they will be better able to track it down to its place of origin. When that is done they may be able to say what kind of condition of the air favours its passage most, and so will have better information on which to forecast the weather.

The atmospheric, now that its photograph is at the disposal of the Scotland Yard of science at Teddington, and the National Physical Laboratory has its finger-prints (or their equivalent) in wavelengths, may turn out a blessing in disguise.

## THINGS SAID

Progress is threatened with stagnation through extreme tariffs and quotas.

Mr S. M. Bruce

I once heard Mr Lloyd George say that John Wesley had civilised Wales.

Sir Kingsley Wood

I found 100 pieces of broken glass in a pool where children paddle.

Mr S. P. B. Mais

I doubt whether modern civilisation has ever had a more gracious aspect than in the old-fashioned English parsonage.

Dean Inge

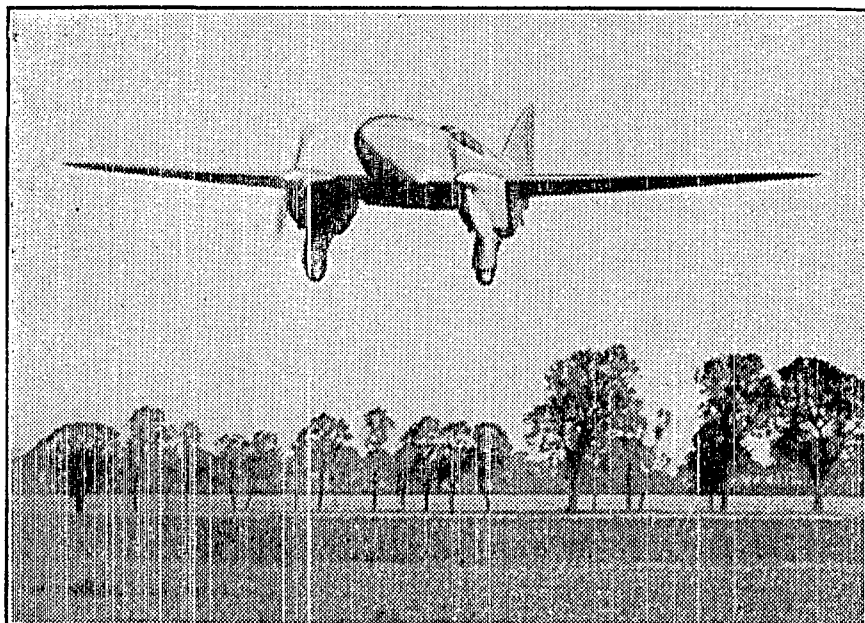


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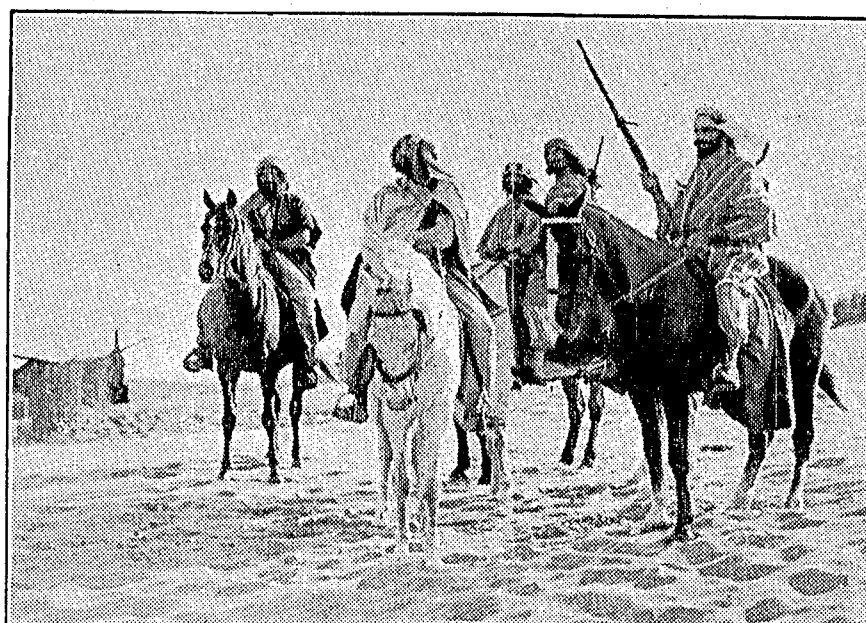
*The Children's Newspaper.*

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# THE FLYING COMET · AN ENGLISH SAHARA · A GIANT CABBAGE



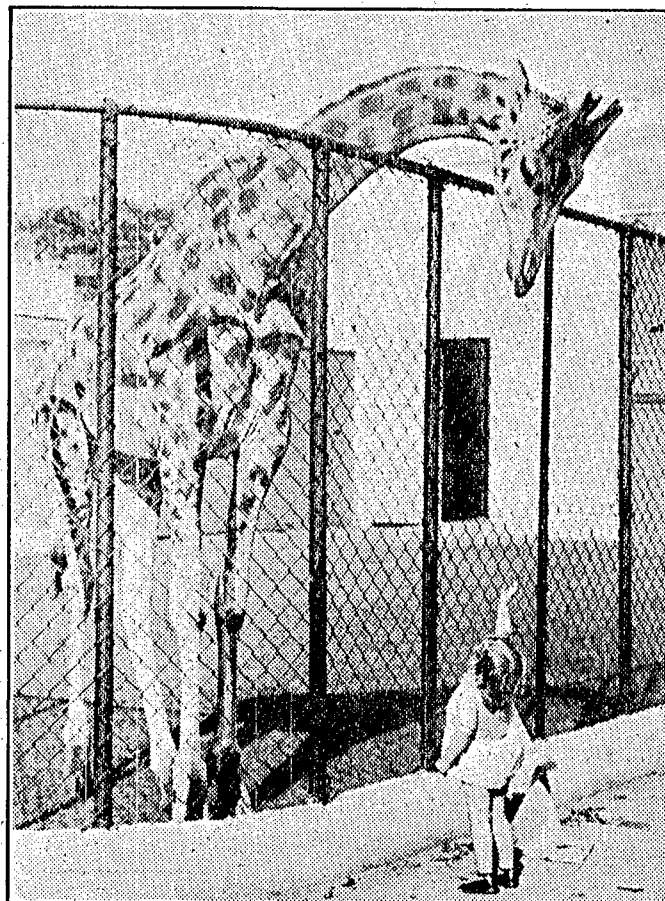
**The Comet**—One of the three planes built by the makers of the famous Moth aeroplanes for the England-to-Australia race is seen here during a test flight. See page 7.



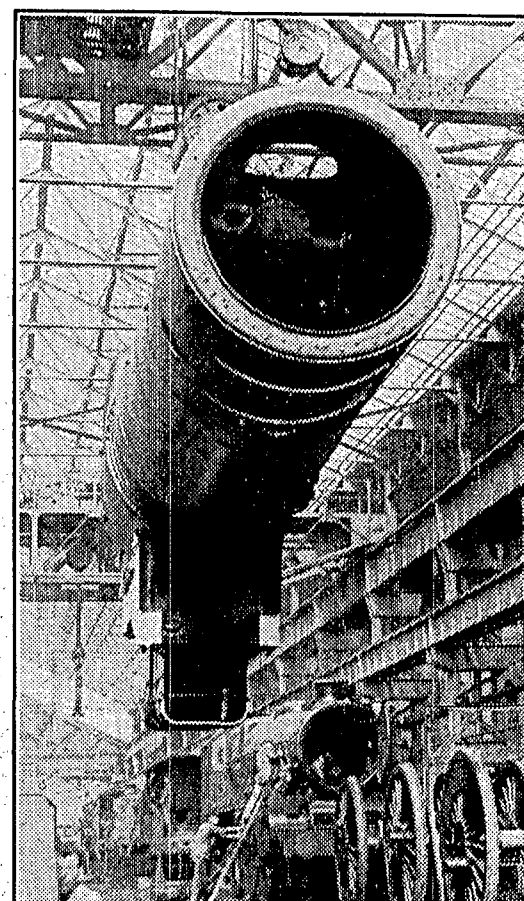
**English Arabs**—The spacious sandy beach at Saunton in North Devon has been serving lately as the Sahara Desert for some of the scenes in a new British film.



**Something Like a Cabbage**—A 35-lb giant that won a first prize in a recent agricultural show.



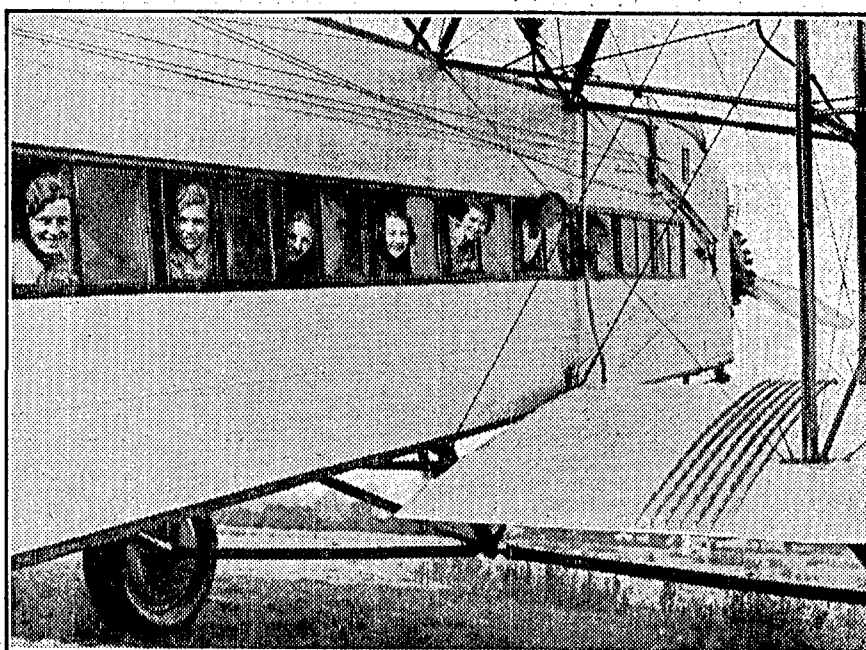
**Tall and Short**—A little girl tries to make friends with a giraffe in the Manchester Zoo.



**An Engine's Boiler**—An impressive sight in the L.M.S. locomotive works at Crewe.



**Girl Carpenters**—A lesson with plane and saw in a Willesden school.



**All Aboard For the Clouds**—A cheerful party in an air-liner.



## A POET'S 1000 YEARS

### FIRDAUSI OF PERSIA

The Sad Story of His Great Poem of Sixty Thousand Verses

### A STRANGE AND MOVING TALE OF THE EAST

Mr John Drinkwater, our fine poet and playwright, is in Persia representing England at the Thousand Year celebrations in honour of the poet Firdausi. He will visit the poet's tomb and will speak for our nation on the quality of the work of this great genius, born 1000 years ago and still drawing the world to his tomb.

There is nothing in the tales of the Arabian Nights more strange and moving than the life of Firdausi, as Abul Kasim Mansur is known to fame. A child of precocious genius, he attained great purity of language and poetical style in both Persian and Arabic, and began the great task of versifying a prose history of the Kings of Persia.

#### The History of Persia

His fame reaching the Sultan Mahmud at Ghazna, where a galaxy of Persian poets had been gathered about the conqueror, Firdausi was summoned to Court. There, his work proving superior to that of all the rivals about him, he was commanded to write the whole history of Persia.

Firdausi toiled with delight for no fewer than 35 years at his task, embalming in verse history and legend that must otherwise have perished.

His book is to Persia what the Iliad is to Greece and the Aeneid to Italy. In the words of one of our greatest Persian scholars, the epic is "a glorious monument of Eastern learning and genius, which, if it ever should be generally understood in its original language, will contest the merit of invention with Homer himself."

#### Silver Instead of Gold

It runs to sixty thousand verses, and while it was in progress the delighted Mahmud promised the poet a thousand pieces of gold for each thousand verses that he wrote.

Firdausi waited for his payment to the end, preferring to receive it whole so that he might furnish his native city with a water supply. So it happened that he was often in want and misery while writing his masterpiece. When the work was completed Mahmud's vizier persuaded the Sultan to send only as many pieces of silver as he had promised gold.

On receiving it the enraged poet flung the money away, wrote a bitter invective against the Sultan, and set out with a staff and a dervish robe, a fugitive on the face of the Earth.

#### A Town's Water Supply

Time and better thoughts mollified the Sultan, who now regretted losing the majestic intellect of the fugitive and the lustre he had shed on the Court. He sent in search of him, so that Firdausi crept back to his birthplace. There he heard a child in the street singing one of his verses, and the pathos of it broke his heart. He went to his house, sickened, and died.

The penitent Mahmud loaded camels with the reward he had promised; the cavalcade entered the city by one gate as a mean little procession bore the dead poet out by another. His native city did receive its water supply, for, although his daughter refused the gold that Mahmud sent, the town did not, and the great epic of the East paid for the drinking-water of the poet's townsmen, of whom none other was so poor, infirm, and unhappy as he had been.

His work became a classic, inspiring the painters who produced the pictures that have made Persian art renowned all over the world.

## THE ATTACK ON THE BLUE MOUND

### An Ugly Giant Departing

WHAT OUR IDLE MEN COULD DO

The Blue Mound is well on its way to becoming the Green Ground.

Until almost the other day the Blue Mound had not been nearly as exciting as its name. It rose among the wooded hills of the Forest of Dean and spoiled Lydbrook, the village round it, for it was nothing but a heap of refuse from a coalmine, 16,000 tons of ugliness.

But now it is a busy place. Someone has said in Lydbrook (as sensible someones have been saying all over the country) that a sports ground would be much more attractive than a slag heap. Other sensible people agreed, and agreed to such good purpose that the Blue Mound will soon be no more.

Young and old, employed and unemployed, are helping to demolish it, and in one day they cleared away 400 tons. One enthusiastic worker is over 80, and as a miner once did his bit in piling up the mound he is now shovelling away.

Plans for tennis courts, football ground, and gardens are already prepared, and we are sure the games will be well played by the men who are pulling together so well for their village.

*It is this kind of work all over the country which could be done by our idle men if the Government would organise it, and pay them for doing something instead of for doing nothing.*

## NOW THERE ARE THREE

### A Very Sad Accident in London

Of the thousands of accidents that happen in London one stands out as very deeply to be regretted.

There was no loss of human life, no one was badly hurt. But one thing was grievously hurt, and that our old friend the hansom cab, in which a friend of the C.N. made a delightful journey not so long ago. We know that there were only four of these attractive carriages left in all London, and now, unless someone goes to great expense to patch up the wounded, there will only be three.

The person most hurt was the driver, and he was hurt in his pride, for he had been driving a hansom 50 years and this was his first accident.

It is an experience to hear the chimes at midnight in a hansom cab. A good many people have thought it worth while to stroll out to the gay West End when the theatres are emptying to see people scramble for one of the four hansoms and go gliding and laughing away. Taxis are merely taxis. Hansoms are the carriages of real romance.

## NORTHERN LIGHTS

### Wonders of Blackpool Front

Blackpool is often called the playground of Lancashire, but she is more than that. She is the playground of the North. Now, instead of closing down her holiday season as once she did at the end of summer, she has proceeded to light up her nights with wonders.

In Blackpool everything is on a huge scale, so it will only arouse mild interest to read that 40 miles of wire, 500 flagpoles, 12,000 feet of timber, 42 illuminated shelters, 500 floodlight projectors, 25 searchlights, 90 illuminated pillars, 66 plaster columns, 18 coloured light pylons, and hundreds of stars, bannercettes, and other small items are included in the five miles of illuminations on her sea front.

Fairy tales are told in huge set pieces of tableaux, which are 300 feet long and 35 feet high. These are said to be the largest tableaux operated by electricity ever built in this country. Trams are made into glowing gondolas, so that one may actually become part of the pageant, as the whole panorama is admired from South Shore to North.

## OUR GOOD HOPE

### Trade is More Encouraging

OUR SPECIAL MARKET OF 500 MILLIONS

The Returns of our Oversea Trade continue to be encouraging.

In August our exports were £1,100,000 better than in August 1933. In the eight months of 1934 thus completed our exports were £18,900,000 better than in the same period of last year, rising to £255,000,000.

Better sales of manufactures mainly account for the improvement, and coal has done a little better, despite severe Polish competition in the Mediterranean.

At the same time the home market has expanded, largely due to the expansion of building. We can measure this in timber brought in during the Augusts of three years:

|              |            |
|--------------|------------|
| 1932 .. .. . | £2,924,000 |
| 1933 .. .. . | £4,737,000 |
| 1934 .. .. . | £5,243,000 |

This is the best feature in the import returns. As to oversea trade, we are showing more improvement than any other country. In this, let us remember, we have special opportunities. No other nation has such great territories under its flag, where its traders have privileges and favoured entry. The British Empire has nearly 500,000,000 people.

## 11 BROTHERS

### A Great Team on the Field

A peculiar football match has been played in Denmark between a Danish and a German team.

The German team was composed entirely of brothers. The eleven young men (their name is Muntze and they came from Bruchhausen near Dusseldorf) walked on to the field led by their father who, himself an enthusiastic footballer, initiated each of his sons into the game as soon as they could toddle.

It was the first time the team had left their own country, though they have already travelled a good deal in Germany; and both Father and Mother Muntze accompanied the boys to see that they behaved themselves and perhaps also to share in their triumph.

Many there that day found the critical anxiety and swelling pride of Father Muntze and the wistful absorption of Mother Muntze at least as pleasant and diverting to watch as the game itself. They were genuinely sorry when the gallant family team, in spite of most excellent team work, was beaten 7 to 2.

## A CAMERA CENTENARIAN

A camera made a hundred years ago was on view at the exhibition of portraits held in London by the Professional Photographers Association.

It was made by Fox Talbot, who made the first print from a negative on sensitised paper. This neat little wooden camera was shown next to a 1934 cine-camera, which takes 2500 pictures a second.

Since great-grandfather posed for his photograph with his chimney-pot hat perched on a pile of books close by there has been a remarkable development in portrait photography. The improvement in modern work was shown by the 700 excellent portraits that were on view.

## A BAN ON POTATOES

The Board of Trade has made an order officially regulating the importation of potatoes, which are not to exceed the average importations of the last three years.

The total quantities to be imported in specified periods will be announced from time to time.

Our potato-growers say they can fully supply the home demand. The effect on price will be watched with interest.

## JOHN WESLEY'S HOUSE

SEEING IT AS HE SAW IT  
A New Interest For the Pilgrim in London

### OLD TREASURES AND A NEW PORTRAIT

Not for many years has Wesley's Chapel seen such a gathering of famous Methodists and other well-known personalities as came to the unveiling of the fine portrait of John Wesley by Frank Salisbury. It was one of the outstanding pictures of this year's Royal Academy and it has been presented to Wesley's Chapel by the artist himself. Every Methodist will thank him—and so do we.

This was not the only event which drew so many people to City Road, for Wesley's House itself, now one of the most interesting places to visit in London, was reopened by Mrs Frank Salisbury, having been restored as far as possible to look as he saw it.

#### A Delightful Surprise

Before the unveiling Dr Parkes Cadman of New York talked of Wesley's life. There were some old accounts which show that he paid 3s 6d for two trees to plant in front of this house. Early one morning two cat burglars broke in and stole £2, being frightened away by an alarm clock which rang at an earlier hour than was intended. One morning when Wesley went into the chapel at 5.30 he found nobody there. The preachers had overslept, as they had gone to bed too late, so he took the service himself, resolving that henceforth everybody under his roof should go to bed at nine.

A delightful surprise awaited those who visited Wesley's house. Cheerfulness and beauty took the place of the old familiar dinginess. Instead of the dull and uninviting museum of three overcrowded rooms the collection of Wesley relics is now properly housed in nine rooms. All the dark paint has been stripped off the walls (there were sometimes 15 coats of it) and the original panelling of yellow pinewood has been revealed.

#### Many Treasures

Fireplaces of Adam design have now taken the place of hideous modern ones. There are new oak floors, and a harmonious lighting scheme which brings out the fine proportions of the rooms. It is now possible to see Wesley's surroundings much as they were in his day. His grandfather clock, which helped him to keep the engagements of his crowded timetable, still ticks away the hours and keeps good time.

Among the many treasures are the Queen Anne knee-table in Wesley's prayer-room, the high-backed bureau with secret drawers, and his conference chair. Two other pictures have also been presented to the museum by Mr Lamplough, the Hunter portrait of John Wesley and a portrait of Samuel Sebastian Wesley, grandson of Charles. The collection grows better and better, thanks to continual generosity.

## TRAJAN IN THE NEWS

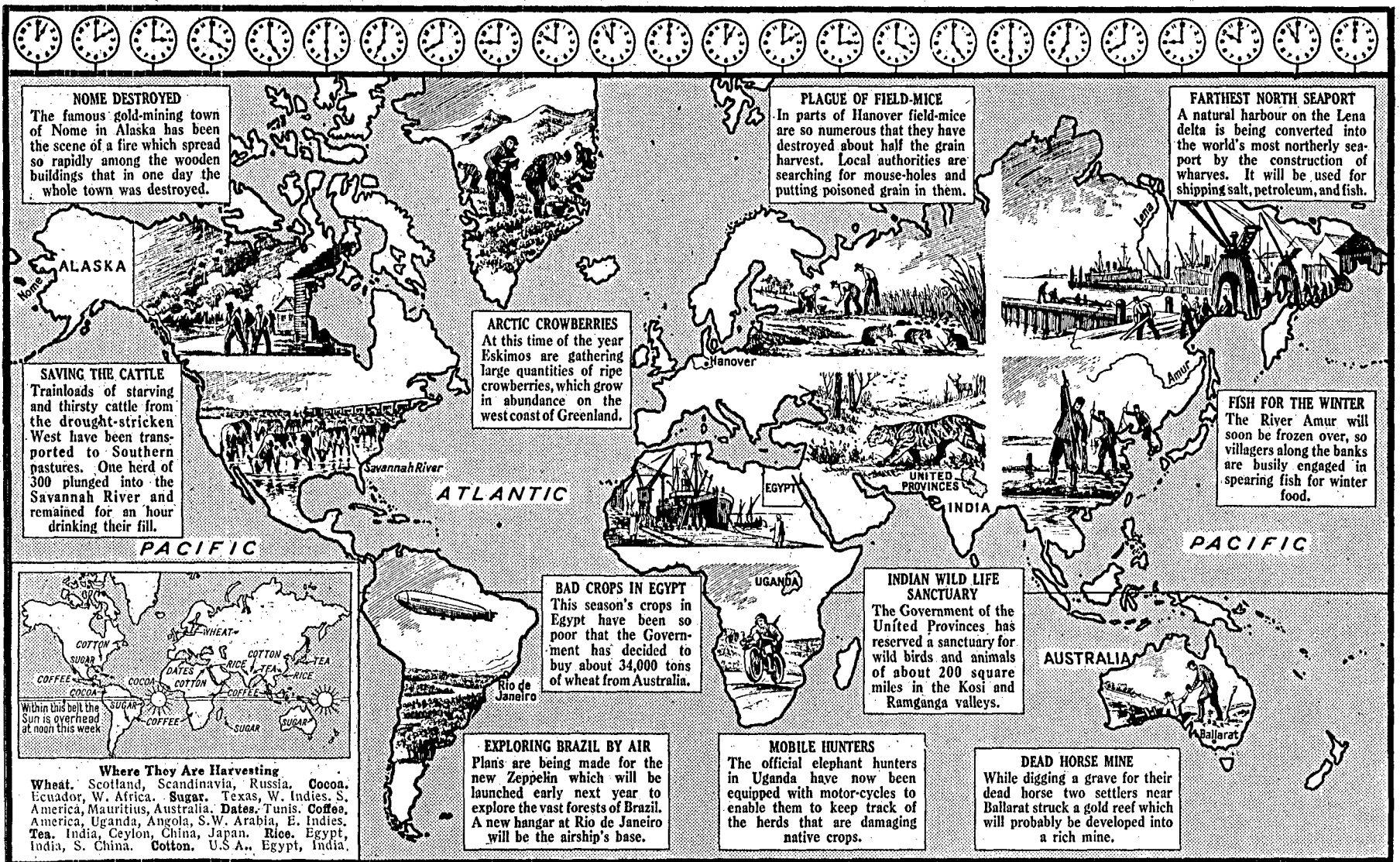
Three more fragments of the bronze tablets known as Acta Urbis have been found at Ostia, not far from Rome. They are among the oldest forerunners of the newspaper, for they chronicled all the important news of the day.

These bits refer to five years in the second century of the Christian Era. Thirteen lines on the first fragment tell of Trajan's victories in his second campaign against the Parthians, news of great moment to the whole of the old Roman Empire.

The other pieces tell of an imperial wedding, a bullfight in the Circus Flaminius, and a trial by the Senate of a hitherto unknown man, Cornelius Priscianus, accused of grave crimes in the Province of Spain.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## TOO MANY APPLES The Glut of Fruit BETTER ORGANISATION WANTED

Apples and plums have done so well in 1934 that their growers are doing badly in the markets.

Prices have fallen to very low levels, and good fruit has failed to find a remunerative return. This is always the way in a good fruit year.

At all times the margin of profit between producers and consumers is big in potatoes, green vegetables, root crops of all sorts, and fruit. The experts have again and again furnished figures to show that the consumer has to pay prices far above those obtained by the producer.

One apple-grower puts his own case thus. Writing from Kent, he says that he received for a consignment of Worcester Pearmain apples less than a halfpenny a pound. Yet, he complains, he saw in a City shop Worcester Pearmain marked 3d a pound, although not better fruit than he sold for less than a sixth of that price.

The fault arises from lack of organisation. With fruit as with fish better marketing is urgently needed.

## THE COUNTRYSIDE Its Signs of Prosperity

We print this note from an old friend of the C.N. who has known our countryside for over 60 years.

We have just come home from a tour in Eastern England, where I have been a good deal impressed by signs of general prosperity. The harvests have been abundant. I casually asked an old friend what struck him most about the country generally, and he said "The well-being of the people is an improvement on what I have ever known. There is no serious poverty outside certain specially depressed areas." And so it seemed to me.

## DO HOUSES LAST TOO LONG? Plea For Shorter Lives

Mr Francis Lorne, speaking at the Building Trades Exhibition, expressed agreement with Mr H. G. Wells that our houses last too long.

The average lifetime of a building in London is approximately 100 years. The change in 100 years is far too great for any architect to be able to visualise the form of life 100 years hence.

For at least half the life of a building, therefore, Mr Lorne thinks, it is a misfit. "We should leave our children to design buildings to suit themselves."

Mr Lorne was really pleading for steel buildings, which can be more readily rebuilt than those of masonry.

But is there any reason to believe that much of the domestic building in progress will "last too long"?

## THE FARMER'S BONUS £83 Per Head For Wheat

The Wheat Year ended on July 31 and the Wheat Commission has sent final bonus cheques to the wheat-growers.

That final amount is £3,005,460. In all, the total paid to the wheat-growers amounts to £7,178,000. The average for each registered grower amounts to £83.

Over 29,000,000 cwt of wheat were sold by the 86,600 growers concerned. The total paid is equivalent to just over 4s 6d per cwt.

## AN ISLAND FOR THE BIRDS

There is to be another sanctuary for birds. Ramsey, the large island off the Pembrokeshire coast, has been bought by Mr L. W. Whitehead as a present to his wife. The Royal Society for the Protection of Wild Birds has undertaken the supervision of the island.

Wild birds of all kinds abound on the island. Golden eagles were to be found there until recently, the last specimen being accidentally shot a while ago.

## ONE CONTINENT OR TWO? An Antarctic Problem

Few people on Tower Bridge even noticed, one fine afternoon, a three-masted schooner as it slipped out of St Katharine's Dock and made toward the sea.

Little did they know how much romance and adventure was symbolised by the ship, which was flying a blue ensign and bearing the name Penola, a word which may be one day world famous. What has been described as the most important British expedition to the Antarctic since Shackleton's last voyage was starting for the Far South.

It was Gino Watkins who planned the great adventure before he lost his life in Greenland. Mr Rymill, who led that expedition, is in command. The skipper is Lieutenant Ryder, a naval officer who has already crossed the Atlantic and Pacific in a ketch. This boatload of optimists is making for the uncharted region at the back of the Weddell Sea, and their chief quest is to discover whether Antarctica is one continent or if the sea divides it in two.

## THE HERRING BOARD A Suffering People

The proposed Herring Board will have a great responsibility.

Of the many adversities suffered by our people none is harder than that of the herring fishers, who have lost half their market since 1913.

The Board, it is hoped, will give special attention to the home market, which awaits cheap supplies. The fisher-folk get a trifle for their catch, even while the housewife is charged 6d a lb. for herrings at the shops. Twopence a pound would spell good fortune for those who catch the fish.

This problem must be faced squarely, like the similar one of fruit and vegetables. The margin between producer and consumer is indefensible; it arises from lack of organisation.

## GRASSHOPPER WAR International Action Against the Locust ITS CURIOUS WAYS

That large and hungry grasshopper the locust has been considered by a Third International Conference.

Multiplying under suitable conditions the locust not unfrequently eats a million pounds worth of food in some districts in a single year. He swarms over belts of fertile land 50 miles wide, and obscures the Sun in his passage. He can cross a river and stop a train.

The Conference studied many methods of destroying him, from collecting his eggs to infecting him with bacteria.

Discussing the need for research Mr B. P. Uvarov, senior assistant at the Imperial Institute of Entomology, said, they wanted to know for each species of locust the degrees of heat and humidity which were tolerated at each stage and phase, and which were injurious or fatal to them.

Mr Michelmores, speaking of his experiences of red locusts in Northern Rhodesia, said that when in a swarm this species preferred to live in trees, but when out of the swarm they avoided trees and lived among grass.

It is clear that there is much to do if the locust is to be conquered.

## THE YELLOW PLANE

Shall we soon have monster hornets buzzing about the sky?

R.A.F. aeroplanes for training pilots are to be painted bright yellow instead of the more aesthetic silver grey of other machines. It is believed that this colour will most quickly catch the eye of passing pilots, who will at once recognise that these are machines for learners and give the novices a wide berth so that they have room to manoeuvre.

It would be even easier to recognise the huge yellow insects if they were painted with stripes.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 6

1934

## What Do You See In the Fire?

SIT and look in the fire; there are pictures there. There are armies marching, and children dancing, and lions drinking at the pool. There are palm-trees swaying, and poppies blowing, and squirrels hiding nuts.

A fire is a cheerful thing. Put a miserable pessimist in a chair before the fire, and who knows that he may not get up a reasonable man? There is something in a fire very near the heart of life.

How we gather round it in the winter nights! How we sit in the dark and watch it flickering, looking deep into the red coals burning, with their changing colours, their living, dancing flames, the hissing and sizzling of the log, the sudden singing of a stream of gas that bursts the prison house in which it has been pent-up ten million years!

Do you remember how R.L.S. saw great armies in the fire?

We see another army in the fire today. It is the army of miners who go down into the Earth to get coal. They go down into the darkness to give us light, and they rarely see the sun.

Two hundred and seventy went down the mine the other day and did not come up again. The fire burst out below and raged through the pit; the poison gas would choke these desperate men, and no human courage, no rescue work, no prayers, availed to save them. That fearful day was like a day of war—it was a day with men in the bitter grip of fate not knowing what to do, while fire and poison and death were doing their cruel work.

Did you notice that they managed to save a few of the poor pit ponies which had not seen the sun for years? Did you notice that the comrades of these men were ready to risk their lives to save them, that they fought for hours in the piercing heat? Did you notice that they said Farewell before they went down, knowing they might not come back? One man dropped his glasses in the pit and when he picked them up they were red hot.

This is the price of coal, this is the cost of our comfortable fire, this is the drama of our cosy corner on a winter's night. A thousand men are killed every year in our mines, and a thousand are wounded every day. It is one of the wars of Peace.

What do you see in the fire? Not picture fancies from a poet's mind, but photographs terrible and true.

We sit by the fire and look; we sit and nod and dream. Ah, God! for the lives and the dreams of men.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Noisy Night

IT will come as a boon and a blessing to all of us if our inventors can give us silent planes, as is half-promised.

Everybody must be delighted to have the new quiet of the streets at night, and in London it is like a gift of sleep. But the noise of aeroplanes in the country by night is an abomination, with low-flying not far above our bedrooms. There can be no excuse for such an invasion of the sleeping hours of country people, and we hope it may be possible for some power to put an end to it.

## The Colour Pilgrimage

Kew in lilac time; Evesham in plum-blossom time; Holland with bulbs in flower and bulb-growing Cornwall at the same season; California and Niagara with the fruit orchards in bloom; Japan in the ceremonial time of cherry blossom: who would not be rich in leisure and money that they might all be seen and remembered?

Now Europe is coming into possession of a new beauty centre. Belgium is devoting vast fields in the country about Ghent to the culture of begonias. Scarlet, flame, orange, gold, white, such seas of glowing colour cannot be beaten anywhere.

## A County Court Point

AT Shoreditch County Court Judge Tudor Rees would not allow a boy of 20, receiving 10s a week under the Workmen's Compensation Act for the loss of his thumb and first finger, to accept £200 in redemption of the weekly payment.

We respectfully consider the Judge right so to refuse.

The point arises whether any sufferer ought to be allowed to redeem any periodical payment of the sort. Minus fingers, hand, limb, or eye an injured workman's future is sadly handicapped, and he should be protected from himself when dealing with an insurance company anxious to buy out his compensation.

## A Little Bird Gives Thanks

WE were peeping into a church in Oxfordshire the other day, at Waterferry, and were much moved by a notice on the door:

*Of your charity latch this door, lest a bird enter and die of thirst.*

A little bird has asked us to give thanks for it.

## A Child's Grace

Here a little child I stand  
Heaving up my either hand;  
Cold as paddocks though they be  
Here I lift them up to Thee,  
For a benison to fall  
On our meat and on us all. Amen.

Robert Herrick

## Thanks Be To Parliament

THE new Bird Protection is already, it would seem, making its mark.

Unless we are much mistaken the goldfinch is happily multiplying in our midst. We do not mean, of course, in the midst of a town, but the glorious countryside which is so near to us all. You cannot often, it is true, see a goldfinch from a motor-car, but there are better ways of seeing our land.

It is no small reward of a sane approach to the countryside to see a goldfinch or a whole flock of them. We thank Parliament for helping these birds to live.

## Tip-Cat

WHERE will the progress of the modern car stop? At Belisha Beacons.

THE patient who smashed his dentist's window refused to be patient.

WHICH is the best way of hearing a concert through the loud-speaker? asks a correspondent. Listen to it.

A GIRL secured a job because of her excellent carriage. Now she will buy a motor-car.

A SCHOOLGIRL who designs furniture has been discovered. She has got beyond multiplication tables.



is prohibited. But artists often draw the bridge.

CIVIL SERVICE sports were held recently. Even the losers were not uncivil.

SOME artificial silk is produced from wood. A new branch of the industry.

GIRLS often refuse seats in the Tube. They prefer to stand on their dignity.

TEARS are still a girl's stand-by, declares a writer. She ought to drop them.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

OF the 700 children passing through the Fairbridge Farm School in Australia not one is out of work.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY issued nearly 11,000,000 Bibles last year.

AUSTRALIA'S Surf-Life-Saving Association has saved 27,000 lives in 27 years.

## JUST AN IDEA

No man of science will say that life is not immortal; it changes its form, that is all.

## O Have You Been To Camelot?

A song for those who love books and read them.

O HAVE you been to Camelot?  
Or have you been to Troy?  
Or have you sailed for Treasure Isles

On tides of fear and joy?

BUT if your spirit never went  
Save where your feet have trod,  
Then sadly, sadly have you fared  
And missed a gift of God.

FOR men have built the dreary town,  
But God has given wings  
To fly beyond the narrow ways  
And walk with queens and kings.

So you may sail with Jason's crew,  
And charge at Roland's side,  
And hunt the roe with Deirdre's lord,  
Or see Valkyries ride.

THE deathless world of song and dream  
Is yours, if so you choose.  
Or—you may live as cattle live,  
And know not what you lose.  
Country Girl

## A Friendly Letter From Germany

IT is a great pleasure to get a friendly letter from Germany in these days, and we are glad that a German school teacher has written to contradict the saying attributed to General Goering which we quoted in our Things Said column the other week.

"Every German has a gas mask," he is reported to have said; but this teacher writes that there is not such a thing as a gas mask in her whole district. (She also adds that she loves the C.N. and the B.B.C. programmes.)

Do the rulers of Germany really fear attack so much that they consider it necessary to spread baseless rumours about her defences? We assure Germany that Disarmament would have been much nearer if Europe had not been frightened by her war talk.

## Blessed Are These

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.  
Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.  
Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the Earth.  
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.  
Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.  
Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.  
Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.  
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. St Matthew

## To Whom It May Concern

Know you not that you will see your feet in fetters when you listen not to the admonition of mankind.



## THREE COMETS BUILT FOR THE GREAT FLYING RACE

Planes Which Could Be Used  
To Speed Up the Air Mails  
FOUR MILES A MINUTE

Who will win the Air Race to Melbourne?

If the question had been asked early this year the answer might have been that no Englishman could hope to win unless he were to fly an American machine.

The prize of £10,000 will go to the competitor who succeeds in getting to Melbourne first from Mildenhall in Suffolk, and when the conditions for the contest were announced there was no English civilian machine which could compare for high speed and long distance with any of several American planes used on the trans-continental as well as on other airways.

### Perfect Streamlining

In January this year, however, the De Havilland concern took the matter in hand and offered to produce in time for the race three machines capable of long-sustained flight at a guaranteed top speed of 200 miles an hour.

No details were given, but people who fly know that the famous makers of Moths and Dragons can be relied on, and orders for the three machines were soon received.

As the picture on page 3 shows, the Comet, as the type has been named, is a remarkably clean-looking plane with perfect streamlining, which suggests great speed. It is a low-wing cantilever monoplane, the wings being built entirely of wood. It has two Gipsy-Six racing engines, each of 224 horse-power, and each drives a variable-pitch airscrew with blades which can have their pitch altered during flight to suit varying conditions. The landing-wheels, too, can be drawn up into the engine nacelles when the plane is in flight, thus reducing head-resistance to increase the speed.

### Four Days To Australia?

The Comet under tests has exceeded expectations. Its top speed has not been stated, but it is believed by those who should know to be nearer 250 than 200 miles an hour. Although it has been designed specially for the race the Comet could, with very little modification, become a most valuable mail plane. It now carries 258 gallons of fuel, sufficient for a non-stop flight of more than 2500 miles. The fuel weighs about three-quarters of a ton, so that if the range of the machine were cut down by half a large proportion of the weight represented by petrol and oil could be replaced by mails. Such machines could easily give us a weekly service between London and Melbourne.

As things are it is expected that the winner of the Mildenhall-to-Melbourne race will complete the journey in three to four days, and the Comet is capable of doing that.

### Pilots Who Know the Way

The three Comets in the race have been entered by Mr and Mrs Mollison, who will, of course, fly their own machine; Mr A. O. Edwards, whose pilots will be Mr C. W. A. Scott and Mr T. Campbell Black; and Mr Bernard Rubin, who had hoped to pilot his own machine but is prevented from doing so by illness. His pilots will probably be Mr Kenneth Waller and Flight-Lieutenant Fielden. In each of these machines will be at least one pilot who knows the Australian route from previous experience.

There will be higher-powered machines in the race, and other pilots of vast experience, but the performance of the little Comets, which have been produced in such quick time specially for the occasion, will be watched with more than usual interest.

## GRANDMOTHER OF A REVOLUTION

THERE has passed away in a village near Prague, at the age of 90, one Katherine Bresko-Breshkovskaya, who has been called the Grandmother of the Russian Revolution.

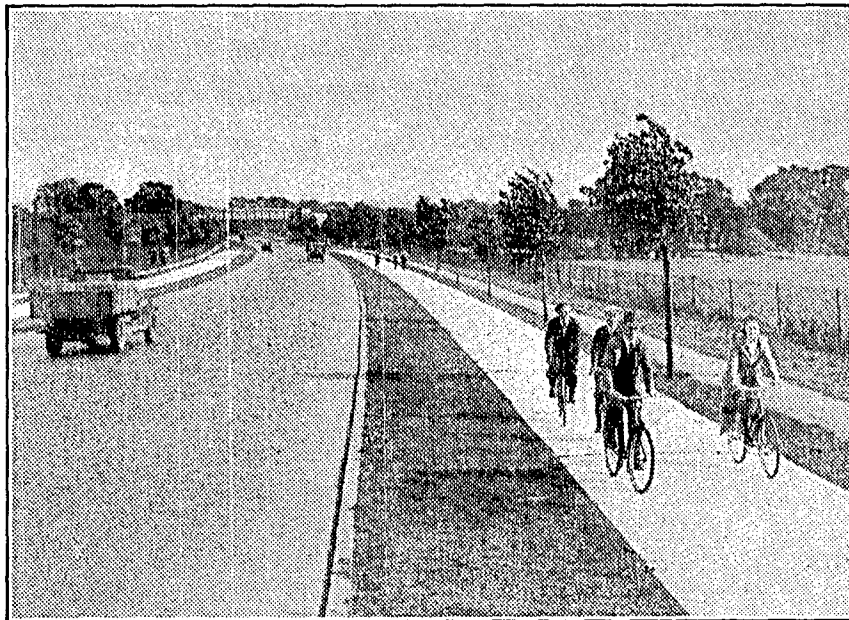
She was one of the most notable among those who strove for liberty in Russia—real liberty, not the rule of one class or another, which means that she was opposed to both Tsarism and Bolshevism.

Married at 17 to a wealthy landowner, she was driven by her conscience to leave husband and child and a life of ease to devote herself to the people. As the oppressed peasants rallied round her she was arrested and thrown into prison as an agitator. When this took place

she was only thirty. For four years she languished in a prison cell before she was tried and sent to exile in Siberia. After the revolution in 1917 Kerensky recalled her by a telegram. Her journey back to Europe was a triumphal progress; she was acclaimed everywhere as one of the chief promoters of the Revolution.

But when she saw what it had led to she became as violent an opponent of the new régime as she had been of the old. She hated all dictatorships, and it was not long before the Bolsheviks had set a price on her head. Fortunately she was able to escape to Czechoslovakia, and it was there that the close came to her agitated but noble life.

## SAFETY FOR CYCLISTS AND CHILDREN



A new track for cyclists beside Western Avenue at Ealing



Children Play Here—A street playground closed to traffic in Paddington

## BLISSIT BE GOD

ONE garden inscription cut on thousands of stones and sold by the quarryworkers of Purbeck has found its way into so many gardens that we are tired of it. Here is a new one.

In a lovely old house a friend of the C.N. took tea the other day with a niece of Dame Ethel Smyth. The house is full of beautiful things, brought from many quarters of the world long ago, but perhaps the most beautiful of all is in the garden.

It is one of those delicious gardens which are full of secrets and surprises, made by hedges and walls that hide one lawn from another. In one secluded

green corner there stands at the foot of a tree an old stone which is inscribed:

BLISSIT . BE  
GOD . OF . III  
S . GIFTIS  
1601 . I.W . III

"What is the history of that stone?" we asked. "It isn't a tombstone?"

"It is now," replied the gracious owner of the garden. "Two of our dogs are buried near it. Dogs are His gifts, like everything else. But we found it built into the wall of an office."

Perhaps, when it was cut, the gifts for which the stone thanked God were the lives of I.W. and I.H.

## THESE TIMES OF OURS

THE EVENTS LEADING  
UP TO THEM

Mr Spender Looks Back on  
His Generation

### A BOOK FOR THE MISSING GAP

*A Short History of Our Times.* By J. A. Spender. Cassell. 10s 6d.

This is a very timely and necessary book, and it has that very precious thing, Authority.

Nearly all the history taught in our schools tells of long ago, when things were happening which, except at a few periods, have very little influence on our lives today, or will have in the immediate future. The present and the impending future are being shaped in a large degree by the recent past, but that part of our country's story is not yet in the histories. This book covers the missing gap in history books.

### A Distinguished Publicist

Mr Spender, perhaps our most distinguished publicist, with an intimate knowledge of the affairs of the last generation, undertakes to bring the history up to date, and he does it with full knowledge, careful fairness, fine literary skill, and keen judgment in seeing what is important.

He is, as we have suggested, peculiarly suited for his task. No writer has been in closer personal touch with public affairs and the men who have influenced them during the last forty years. As newspaper editor, political journalist, and biographer he represents all that is best and most trusted in the English Press. He is not equal, perhaps, to the kind of journalism which began the news of one of the Endeavour's great races by saying that the reporter was seasick, but he is equal to the highest form of journalism and even of History. His knowledge of Home and Foreign Affairs is complete.

### War and Peacemaking

The range of the book is from the eighties of the Nineteenth Century, with gradual expansion in fullness as the present day is approached. About half of its 318 pages are allotted to the war, with the peacemaking and the problems that have developed out of it, and out of the revolutions and the national aspirations to which it gave rise. To those who watched these amazing changes from first to last it is most interesting to have them presented skilfully arranged in compact sequence, and to be placed squarely face to face with the problems that remain unsolved. To those who did not witness the world's drift into its appalling war-crash, and to those to whom the war is but a memory, some such book as this is essential to intelligent citizenship.

This Short History of Our Times tells of 16 years since the war ended, and it is particularly cheering to note how so experienced an observer as Mr Spender sums up the recovery of the British nation from its dire effects.

### Debt and Unemployment

Though the nation is burdened by an enormous debt, though unemployment has been very severe, though some industries, particularly coal, cotton, and shipbuilding, have suffered seriously, the country generally has come through its difficulties with its general standard of living improved compared with the pre-war period.

Our own observation over a wide range of rural England confirms this estimate, and enables us to suggest that Mr Spender's judgment is as sound today as it has always been. As such we commend it to those of the growing generation who would have at their disposal a notable and effective and easily readable story of the times before these, and of the great influences which are working all about us now.



## TOO MANY TINS THOUGH OURS ARE OFTEN THE BEST

English Canning Has Nothing  
To Learn From Abroad

### ITS GOOD AND BAD POINTS

The Imperial Economic Committee have high praise for English tinned fruit.

They say the quality of our canned fruit and vegetables has shown steady improvement during recent years, and it can now be claimed, as a result of the comparative examination of samples, that not only are English canned goods equal in quality to imported canned goods of similar varieties, but in many cases are definitely superior.

All the same it is important to bear in mind that too much tinned food is consumed. Animals have an instinct which guides them unerringly to the food they need. An animal knows, if it is an elephant, that meat is not for elephants. So the members of the lovely tanager family of birds know that they need fruit. The inherited understanding of these creatures is profound, perfect, complete.

### Injurious Tastes

Man, however, has largely got rid of instinct, and deliberately cultivates false and injurious tastes. Usually an animal knows well by inherited understanding, embodying the wisdom of the ages, that it must not wantonly expose itself to the glare of the Sun. A man, however, will allow foolish counsel to persuade him to sun-bathe for long periods; he will even thus expose a little child to injury.

In the case of food the results of a little knowledge are lamentable. Food for humans is doctored, coloured, preserved by chemicals, robbed of nutritive value, given misleading names, sold for what it is not. Food an animal would wisely reject is often eaten by unfortunate people whose little knowledge betrays them.

### The Diet of the Masses

Nothing is more important in diet than a supply of good vegetables. These, unfortunately, are too often bought in small tinned portions, as dear as they are poor. The law even allows them to be dyed to make them look fresh!

A dietetic expert, Dr Leslie Harris, has been denouncing the diet of the masses, and he sets his face against the growing use of tinned articles. He points out that the usual deficiencies in working-class diets are too few vegetables, fresh fruits, milk, butter, and eggs; too much food tinned, preserved, refined, dried, or compressed.

It is high time we took the trouble to learn why animals thrive on the food they eat, while so many civilised people suffer from indigestion.

### THE GREEN TRAM

All the trams in the Midland town of Walsall are painted sea-green, and the reason why the colour was chosen is this.

The works manager of the company who built the body of these trams was named Green. The work was being carried on at full pressure, and the foreman of the body-builders meeting one of the directors hurriedly remarked that the bodies were ready for painting, but no one had told him what colour they were to be.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the director; "see Green."

And sea-green the trams are to this day.

## PEACE PIONEERS All Nations Camp in New Forest

One hundred and fifty boys and girls and young people from many countries have just lived a happy fortnight together in the heart of the New Forest. They were League of Nations Pioneers, attending their second annual International Camp.

To demonstrate clearly the spirit of friendly cooperation which is the basis of the League campers were divided into several tribes, which met together in assembly daily round the camp fire. Here there were talks and debates on the work of the League, while representatives from the various countries gave their views. A young Nazi told of the rise of Hitlerism; Finland explained why his small country relies on the League; an Austrian described the trouble of Austria.

In the lovely glades of their forest camp the Pioneers danced the peasant dances of Finland and Germany; they learned a picturesque Austrian floral dance; they sang some of the jolly songs of France. Musical instruments borrowed from the Forest School close by enabled them to improvise an orchestra, and the learning of Continental games added to the fun.

It is hoped to make the New Forest camp the beginning of many more, both in this country and abroad.

## JAPAN ON BATTLESHIPS Willing To Scrap Them

It is reported from Tokyo that Japan is to propose, at the forthcoming Naval Conference, the total abolition of battleships and those strange-looking naval platforms called aircraft-carriers which carry scores of fighting aeroplanes on their decks and provide landing-places for aeroplanes in action at sea.

The abolition of the battleship was proposed at the London Naval Conference, and nobody took any notice. Even our Prime Minister did not refer to the suggestion. It may be hoped that, whatever Japan's motive may be, some serious notice will be taken of the matter now.

## THE GOLDEN WALLS OF CONSTANTINE

Remains of the golden walls of the first Christian cathedral, built 1600 years ago by Constantine, have been unearthed during excavations in Rome.

This building must have been a wonder of the age. It was known as the golden basilica because its walls were built of gold-coloured marble, and among the Communion plate were rich vessels of gold.

When the present cathedral was put up in the 17th century the golden walls were pulled down, but part of them may now be seen built on to some remains of two palaces of earlier date.

Even more thrilling is the discovery of wonderful mosaics and frescoes belonging to the first cathedral, and of enormous marble capitals, arches, and columns, so that it is easy to reconstruct in imagination the golden church where the early Christians worshipped.

### 93 TOGETHER

Congratulations to Lady Lytton and Lady Loch, both of whom have passed the milestone of their 93rd birthday, and have spent it together.

It must have been their perpetual youth of spirit which has brought them so far along the road of life. Although they were once inseparable companions they cannot meet so often nowadays. But they usually manage to have a reunion during their birthday month, and Lady Loch, who lives at Chelsea, has been spending some days with her sister in Hertfordshire. Many must have been the memories these twins recalled of their childhood in Early Victorian England.

## FROM LONDON TO ISTANBUL SOMETHING LIKE A ROAD The Highway as a Great Uniting Force of Nations INTERNATIONAL NUMBER ONE

While politicians and munitions interests are disuniting Europe a force expressed through the ordinary needs of ordinary people is drawing it together.

Modern motor transport bids fair to do for Europe what Rome once did: provide it with a good system of roads which will unite it more than its system of hostile frontiers can keep it apart.

Four years ago the A.A. proposed that the Alliance Internationale de Tourisme should work for a trans-continental road connecting London with Constantinople, now called Istanbul. Here the road would branch, to carry on, later, across the Suez Canal and through to Cape Town, on the right; and, by the left fork, through Bagdad to India.

It was not proposed to make a new road the whole way, but to map out the best existing roads, improve them where necessary, and mark them for travellers.

### A New Auto-Ferry

International Route Number One from London to Istanbul has been outlined. It runs via Dover to Calais by a new auto-ferry, and passes Brussels, Cologne, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, and Sofia, covering 1774 miles. Branch roads connecting it with other European capitals are planned.

A French friend of the C.N., making his first visit to England, took the road from Dover to London. He was driving with the natural nervousness of the Continental who is obliged to drive on the left for the first time in his life. A notice soon attracted his attention: "Tenez à gauche" it reminded him in his own language; his nerves relaxed, he breathed peacefully. England was looking after him, he thought; she had appreciated his position, sympathised with it, catered for it.

That is one instance of what International Route Number One is doing to improve the relations between the peoples of Europe.

The question is, Which will move faster—common sense and man's common need of communication and friendship, or the madness of separatism, hostility, and distrust which has spread over the world since the war?

## LITERATURE BY THE POUND

### New Way of Selling Books

To move excess stock from its shelves a bookshop in Buenos Aires recently adopted the policy of selling literature by weight instead of by worth; everything was to go for so much a pound.

This brought down the wrath of the Argentine Society of Letters, but it brought in the customers, for trade improved to such an extent that the original one-price policy has had to be altered. The idea of worth has entered again, by the back door, so to speak. Shakespeare was going far too fast, and so was Edgar Wallace; there would soon be none of their works left. Prices were raised.

The shop assistants report that their lives were made tiresome by two classes of customers—those who must have their little joke about four ounces of Longfellow and half a pound of Blasco-Ibanez, and irate local authors who came in to revile them for selling their masterpieces too cheap.

There are now over ten million gas consumers in this country.

The London Monument made a profit last year of £143, its expenditure being £726 and its receipts £869.

## THE PIGMY CAR AN ENGINEER SOLVES HIS PROBLEMS

Little Wonder a Foot Shorter  
Than Its Driver

### PARK WHERE YOU WILL

How often has a motorist, shivering in a cold garage on a winter morning, railed at the weight of his car because it would not start and he could not push it and give it that free run which would automatically start the engine.

Many a man must wish for a car he could pick up and shake, so to speak; a pigmy to suit his requirements.

And now news comes from Sydney that an engineer of that city, Mr James McMaster, has actually put on the road a pigmy car. It is not a motor-bicycle or a tri-car, for it has four wheels. It is only five feet long and three and a half feet wide, and it weighs only 672 lbs, almost exactly three times the weight of its owner-inventor, a braw Scot over six feet tall. A fine figure he must look, sitting on a saddle with legs astride the machine and, feet on running boards, speeding at 60 miles an hour or ambling comfortably at 30.

### Remarkable Steering-Gear

The car is driven by an engine which consumes only one gallon of petrol every 40 miles. This engine resembles that of a motor-cycle and is air-cooled, while the chassis is of Tasmanian ash.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this pigmy car is the steering apparatus, the invention of Mr McMaster himself. As a former noted motor-cyclist he must often have longed to take his hands off the steering-wheel of the average four-wheeled motor-car, an action which usually leads to disaster. For his new machine he has invented steering-gear which will keep the car on a straight course when he does take his hands off the wheel.

Good luck to Mr McMaster of Sydney as he takes up his car and finds a corner for it in an overcrowded parking-place. He has evidently solved one or two problems, as well as giving Sydney something to talk about when it sees him speeding through its broad streets.

## THE GOVERNMENT DOES A NICE THING

### The Old Vic and Sadler's Wells

The Old Vic and Sadler's Wells Theatres in London have been exempted from the Entertainment Duty.

Power is given by the Finance Act of 1916 to grant exemption when entertainment "is provided for partly educational and partly scientific purposes."

All lovers of the true theatre will rejoice in this decision. These two theatres are doing a great work, and set a fine example to those richer theatres which are making so many people tired of the stage.

It is hoped that the removal of the entertainment tax will change the annual loss on the two theatres to a profit.

## THE PRISONERS COMPLAIN

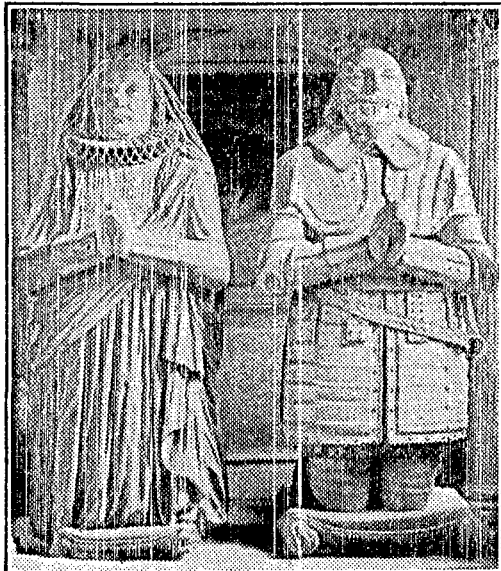
Centuries ago an English poet told us that stone walls do not a prison make, and the ease with which American criminals escape confirms this. Now we have fresh proof of it.

Among the new books is one by Captain F. H. Mellor, who has seen police service in Nigeria, and who tells how the District Officer of Bida was one day surprised to receive a visit from all the prisoners lodged in the gaol.

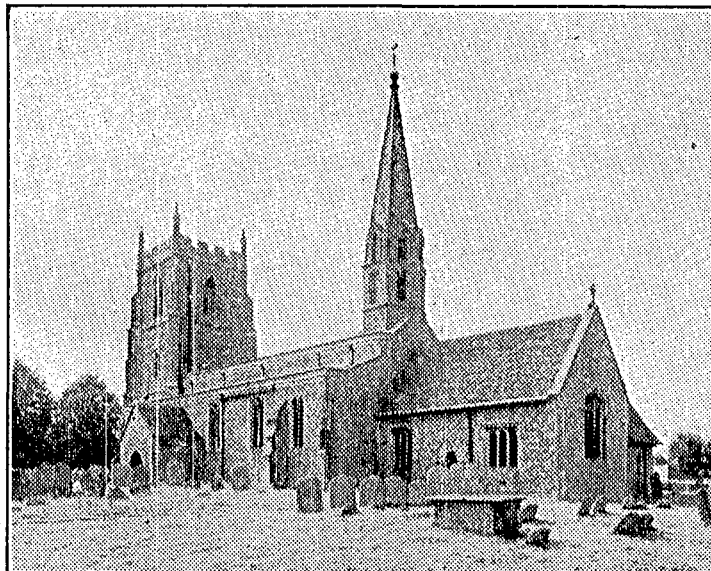
They had come to complain about the need for repairs, and said that if nothing was done to mend matters they would not stay in prison any longer!



# A DAY'S RIDE IN THE COUNTRY WITH A CAMERA—PEEPS AT WILTSHIRE



A 300-year-old monument at Collingbourne-Kingston



Wanborough Church, which has a little spire as well as a tower



The child at prayer in Alderton Church



A pelican in St Mary's Church, Devizes



A gargoyle on Steeple Ashton Church



The font at Little Hinton Church



An ancient house at Longbridge-Deverill



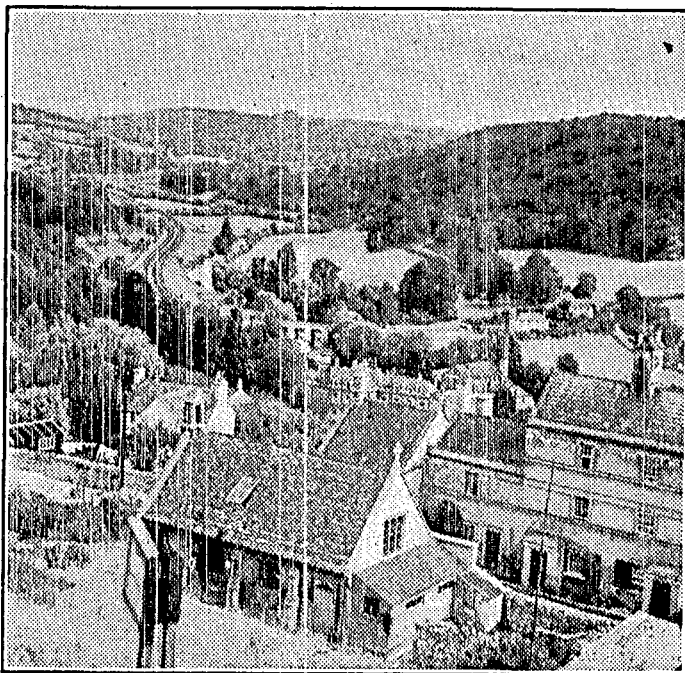
A wooden corbel in Ramsbury Church



A stone corbel in Idmiston Church



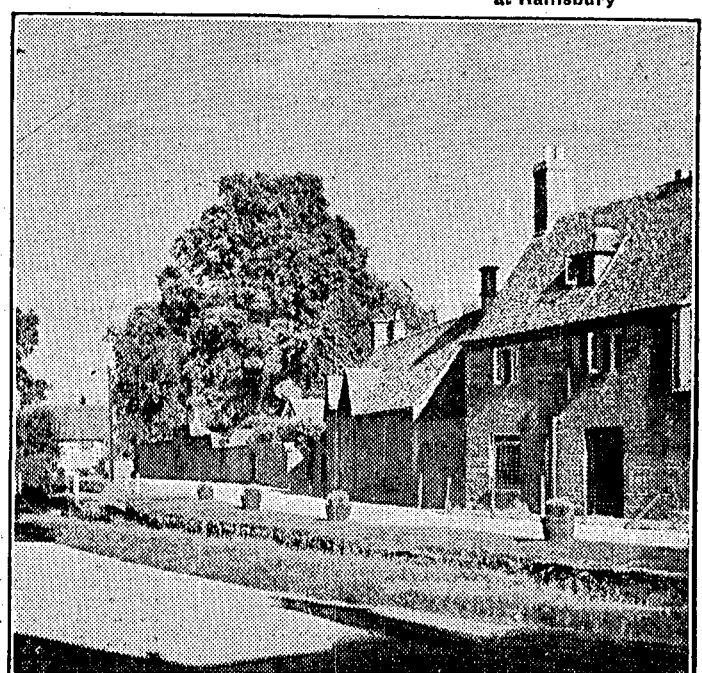
The base of the font at Ramsbury



The lovely village of Limpley Stoke



A panel in Dauntsey pulpit



Here the little Thames flows through Ashton Keynes



## UNDER WREN'S DOME ST PAUL'S AS YOU NEVER SAW IT BEFORE

Our Great National Cathedral  
in All Its Beauty  
COME AND SEE IT

Many people who have taken St Paul's for granted and not bothered to go in unless they had someone to show round are dropping in now at any possible moment. They have fallen in love with the new St Paul's, where the long spring-clean is over, revealing the cathedral in the state it was about 200 years ago.

The guide-books which patronisingly describe the interior of St Paul's as dark but imposing will have to go in for a new edition, for the walls are now incredibly lovely, soft creamy masses running up to the gleam of mosaics and the glitter of gold. Our cathedral seems to have grown bigger as well as younger and fairer; those white walls stand farther back than the dark ones did.

### A New Splendour

Wherever we look, in nave, aisles, transepts, chapels, this new splendour greets us. We think how Wren would have thrilled to see his fair creation even though the mosaics were not added in his day. The late Professor Lethaby, a man of great vision, once said that St Paul's is our greatest work of art in that it is the embodiment of the design of one man. He also said that no English person could properly appreciate either St Paul's or Westminster Abbey as England (he called it the national consciousness) was always getting in the way. We are nevertheless very willing to admire our new St Paul's regardless of any criticism of renaissance work generally.

### The Cathedral's Crowning Glory

The crowning glory, in more senses than one, is the dome. We had forgotten how lovely a dome could be till we saw this one, white and gold and shining, with the Whispering Gallery flung like a radiant circlet about the cathedral's noble head. The mosaics in the spandrels are new and delightful as if freshly bedded there, the figures standing out grave and harmonious against the glimmering background of plain gold, which is such a lovely colour apart from its shining quality. The more detailed mosaics in the quarter domes are jewel-like now, catching the eye with a thousand bright colours.

There is still one part of the renovation unfinished, and that is the very top of the dome. Sir James Thornhill's frescoes are to be saved. Painted in 1720, they show eight scenes in monochrome, illustrating incidents from the life of St Paul. At any rate, so we are told. From the floor of the cathedral it has long been impossible to discern any meaning in the gloomy shapes.

### A Professor To the Rescue

From time to time attempts at restoration have been made, but the idea of saving these pictures seemed impossible until Professor Tristram came to the rescue. He withstood the whole weight of the "It cannot be done" of the Dean and Chapter with his own cheerful "It can." More than that, he took his skilled men up there and, just to show them, cleaned off a large patch, which is a most startling thing to behold from the body of the cathedral.

This is a triumph indeed. The cleaning of the eight huge cartoons, not to speak of the very special scaffolding which has to be set up, will take a good deal of another year. But it is splendid to know that Thornhill's faithful work will not be wasted. We hope, in passing, that when the cathedral is really finished in this last detail, someone will pass a duster over Alfred Stevens's Wellington memorial. It is the finest thing in the cathedral, but at the moment we saw it the horseman that crowns it looked as if he had ridden across the Sahara.

## THE NO-LITTER CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE

Attractive Petrol Stations

### NOTES OF A TOUR IN THE FAMOUS DAUPHINE DISTRICT

A regular reader who knows our attitude toward litter and ugly petrol stations sends us his impressions of a journey he has just made through France after five years.

The tour (he writes) started in Paris, and we went along the main national route through Fontainebleau and its beautiful forest to Lyons, Mâcon, and Grenoble and up the Alpine route to a little village called St Nizier to a height of 3,400 feet. From here excursions were made on foot and by car to the famous centres in the Dauphiné range of mountains.

The return journey to Paris from Grenoble was by another route. In all nearly 800 miles were covered. Besides the important towns we passed through small villages and hamlets and realised the agricultural and pastoral nature of the French countryside.

### A Wonderful View

Throughout we were greatly struck not only with the splendid road surface, but also with its cleanliness. We found no litter by the roadside, and saw no odd pieces of paper or peelings of potatoes or fruit or any other objectionable matter in the streets.

One day we went up the famous peak of Moucherotte, which gives a wonderful view for hundreds of miles around from a height of 6500 feet. The path leads through lovely pine forests, and here and there are open spaces where climbers can sit down and admire the panorama. It is usual to have a picnic lunch at these halts; but so well has the Alpine Club inspired tourists with the feeling that no litter should be allowed to spoil the beauties of Nature that any odd bit of paper is carefully picked up and placed where it will not be seen.

Then the A.A. and the Ministry of Transport are making a united effort to control the building of petrol stations along the main national routes. The old ugly stations are rapidly being replaced by those which, in their style and colour designs, correspond to the countryside. Motorists themselves are being asked to patronise only such places as are proud of their equipment, a welcome adoption of the C.N. slogan:

*Do Not Buy your Petrol  
from Ugly Stations*

## THE DWARFS OF WHITE HILL

Remains of a Race of Pygmies

Some 75 miles from the Mexican city of Durango ancient ruins have been found revealing the former existence of a race of dwarfs and of a town built and lived in by them.

These interesting ruins are near a waterfall known by the name of El Salto in the well-known Cerro Blanco, or White Hill. Various remains of dwellings have been found, the highest of which is only six feet, and human skeletons have been brought to light which do not exceed 40 inches in stature, but are otherwise perfectly normal, and are those of adults.

These important discoveries have not yet been investigated by the Mexican Government, but have been undertaken through the initiative of Mr Gamiz of Durango, who is getting together all available data on the spot. Up to date it has not been possible to establish the epoch when this pygmy race flourished or to determine when and why it became extinct.

**If You Want Peace,  
Stop War Supplies**

## THE NEW SORT OF MAN AT THE DOOR

One of the new problems of life, especially in the country, is the new kind of trader who comes knocking at the door, a nuisance to us, yet often a case for deepest sympathy.

A pretty warfare is raging in Weymouth, where the Corporation are trying to keep street hawkers in their place.

The trouble seems to be that the hawkers think their place is everywhere, and as the Corporation show a tendency to increase the areas marked No Hawking they fear it soon will be nowhere.

Not for the first time hawkers have banded together against the town. At Weymouth they are determined to fight for their liberties. It seems difficult to know where to draw the line. There is nothing so wearying to the busy housewife as repeated knocks at the back door, nothing so wearying to tired cars as incessant street calls, except perhaps that of the Lavender Girl. On the other hand, we all have to live, and the hawkers of Weymouth feel that it is hard if in a sea-coast town a man cannot try to sell a little fish without being hailed up for it.

### Calling in King Charles

What is going to happen to the fishermen, say they, if we cannot sell their fish? Everybody has not time to dress up and go to the shops. So the strife goes on. And now the hawkers have called in King Charles to help them. It appears that during a row between the hawkers and the town some three hundred years ago a law was passed which gave fish hawkers a free hand to sell herrings, mackerel, and sprats at any hour in any town. And there you are. It remains to be seen what will be the upshot of the Weymouth battle.

Another kind of hawking has become a problem to the peace of housewives, particularly in small country towns. They recognise the usual hawker, who takes the world much as he finds it, he having long ago lost all illusions; but the new hawker is drawn from a different class and is out to attack a different class. He comes to the front door, asks to see the lady of the house (very often having learned her name beforehand), gives a private visiting card to the maid. He is obviously well educated, passes the test by which the average general maid judges a gentleman, and his card also proves the test. He is shown in.

### Politeness

Then when the mistress appears she finds he has come to sell stockings or tea, and she has a most uncomfortable ten minutes trying to get a word in edgewise. She is naturally polite; he is overwhelmingly polite in everything except in allowing a lady to speak when she wishes to.

When at last she gets rid of him she sighs and goes back to her correspondence or her gardening. It is no good speaking to the maid. She will only hear: "Well, madam, he was clearly a gentleman, and how was I to know what he wanted?"

And there you are. And no King Charles here to appeal to, for or against.

## NAZI SPARTANS

Hardening German Boys

A correspondent paints a remarkable picture of the training of little Nazis.

As many as 50,000 boys, some only nine or ten years old, were put through a gruelling test at Frankfurt-on-Main. They arrived at their camp after midnight on a Saturday, having performed a long march of several hours.

After a short sleep they were awakened by drums and trumpets early on Sunday, and by nine were on parade. They then marched through the town and six miles back to the camp.

After a short rest they once more set off to the railway stations, some of which are a long distance from the camp. They followed a journey home of several hours in a crowded train.

## MERCHANTS OF DEATH

THEIR SECRETS IN  
A BOOK

The Business of the Men Who  
Recognise No Country

A GREAT TRADE IN FEAR

*Merchants of Death. By H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighan. Routledge. 7s 6d.*

When the nations of the world signed the League Covenant they promised among other things to cooperate in controlling the trade in arms.

The terrible need of control is shown in this book by two American journalists who have collected facts so appalling that it has led to an inquiry by the United States Senate into the Armament Rings of America. Aptly called *Merchants of Death*, the book sets out the whole history of the traffic in arms, with biographies of those chiefly concerned in it, and gives example piled on example of the ways in which they influence public policy.

### Skilled Salesmen

What we must realise is that a man selling poisoned gas and bombs is as anxious for big sales as a man selling soap; and as nothing increases the demand for his wares better than a war or rumours of war such rumours may often be tracked to the skilled salesmen of these merchants of death.

The best voice for war is the newspaper, and so we are not surprised to find M. Schneider, head of the French arms industry, having, through his steel combine, a controlling interest in *Le Temps* and the *Journal des Débats*, which issue frequent warnings against Disarmament.

When the naval limitation treaty was about to be signed between ourselves, the United States, and Japan the American Navy League tried to stop it, and the reason is obvious when we learn that the Navy League was founded by men whose business profited by big navies and costly wars.

### Men Without a Country

It is because Hitler is recognised as a disruptive force in the world that two directors of Skoda, the Czechoslovakian armament firm, and a leading French industrialist and armament manufacturer, are among those who have supplied him with funds.

These merchants have no country; they have wares to sell and anyone may buy, and the more the better. Investors out for good dividends show the same easy agreeableness, hoping for profits out of arms which may blow their sons to pieces or ruin their country.

War created the armament firms, and now the armament firms thrive on war and the fear of it; and it is not only the manufacturers who are interested; it is the financiers with money invested in them, and the Governments entangled with them. But they could do little if the world were properly organised to settle its disputes by law instead of war.

### What Must Be Done

That time will come, but in the meantime our Government and all the other Governments forming the League should honour their signatures by cooperating against the traffic in arms; while we, the peoples of the world, must no longer allow ourselves to be misled by the advertising lies of the armaments salesmen, who would have us live in constant fear.

The merchants of death are keen that we should arm ourselves, for then others arm and up the dividends go, the price of death! We are blind if we do not see that this means of obtaining security is the chief cause of insecurity, and that small countries which remain comparatively unarmed rouse no fears in their neighbours and are safer from attack than any country armed to the teeth.



## THE DRACONID METEORS

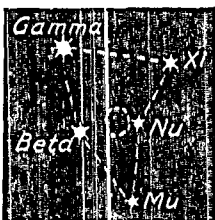
### Where To Look For Them A COMET THAT NEARLY COLLIDED WITH THE EARTH

By the C.N. Astronomer

On the night of Tuesday next, October 9, it is possible that some of the meteors belonging to the stream that produced the glorious display of October 9 last year may be observed falling from almost overhead. The absence of the Moon will favour observation, and if any are seen the observer may know that they are fragments of the famous Giacobini-Zinner comet.

Last year this comet approached to within a million miles of the Earth and left a considerable portion of itself behind in our world's atmosphere in the form of meteoric material. The comet is now over 200 million miles away, travelling toward the orbit of Jupiter, but it is likely to have left a long train of cometary particles in its wake through which the Earth may pass.

The region from which the meteors appear to come is in the constellation of Draco, near the bright star Beta, as shown by the circle in the accompanying star-map; they are therefore known as the Beta Draconids, though the meteors actually appear to come from a point nearer to the fainter star Nu in Draco. These stars are part of the Dragon's Head and will be readily recognised high up to the left of overhead if the observer faces due North.



The five stars of the Dragon's Head, showing by the circle, from where the meteors appear to come

On some previous occasions these Draconids have provided a fine display usually associated with one of the returns of the comet, which happens every 6½ years, the comet in the interval taking an excursion to the orbit of Jupiter. Thus in 1926 numerous Beta-Draconid meteors were seen on October 9; also in 1900, when the comet was first discovered, though the meteors have been noted since 1841.

On October 9 last year the comet happened to be very near to the point where its orbit intersects that of the Earth just when our world was there too, and a collision was averted by less than a million miles. This resulted in so much of the comet's outlying material being attracted to the Earth's surface that one of the finest meteor displays for many years was witnessed.

Weather conditions in this country were not generally favourable, but in France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and Germany a superb display was seen. It was the Eastern Hemisphere that seems to have caught the oncoming meteors, more particularly Western Europe, so if the comet had been about a million miles nearer, a small distance astronomically considered, this area would have caught the impact. As it was as many as 75 meteors a minute were reported as seen from Paris, while many other areas reported generally about 100 a minute.

#### Meteors as Bright as Sirius

M. Felix De Roy, the expert observer on the International Meteor Commission, described the sky at Antwerp as "literally filled with meteors." Altogether at least 15,000 were calculated to have been observable in Antwerp during two hours.

Some of the meteors were as bright as Sirius or even Jupiter, and occasionally one exploded. A spectacle such as this is not expected this year, but the Earth is quite likely to intercept a few following in the comet's path. It will be of great interest to see if the comet returns in 1940, or whether its close approach to our world will have disrupted it.

G. F. M.

## THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

### The Passing of Oliver Wendell Holmes

OCTOBER 7

This lovely hymn is the noble close to Oliver Wendell Holmes's book *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*. Dr Holmes, who was born August 29, 1809, and died October 7, 1894, introduces it as a hymn "to the Source of the light we all need to lead us, and the warmth which alone can make us all brothers."

**L**ORD of all being, throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from Sun and star;  
Centre and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
Star of our hope, Thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;  
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;  
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is life, whose warmth is love,

Before Thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free  
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,  
Till all Thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

## THE EMPTY DOMINION

### Stream of Emigration Drying Up

In 1927 14,943 British immigrants settled in New Zealand, but in 1933 there were only 468.

What a pity! New Zealand has an area greater than the whole of England, Scotland, and Wales, but has only a million and a half people.

The Department of Immigration has just presented its annual report to the New Zealand Parliament, and from this we find that the effect of the Government's policy of restriction respecting assisted migration has been remarkable.

Last year 464 migrants paid full fares to go to New Zealand, as compared with 3704 in the year 1926-27. Instead of the 11,239 migrants who were assisted by the New Zealand Government in 1926 there were last year only four people so assisted, a wife and three children.

Those of us who wish to see the empty spaces of the Empire populated by our own race are sorry to see how the stream of immigration to New Zealand has almost dried up.

## A MILLION PARASITES

### Insect Army To Help New Zealand

During the coming summer in New Zealand the Plant Research Station of the Dominion's Department of Agriculture hopes to place an army of a million insect parasites in the field.

This great little army will make war on its natural foe, the caterpillar of the white butterfly.

New Zealand farmers and gardeners have been much worried because of the ravages of the green caterpillars that hatch from eggs laid by this white butterfly, so they have sought the aid of the scientists.

At the research station the scientists are breeding the parasites. So next summer (December, January, February) will see a great insect battle.

We hope the allies of the farmers will win. The caterpillars have a special liking for the leaves of turnips, cabbages, and kindred plants.

## AN ALARMING INCIDENT AT THE ZOO

### MYSTERY OF A BROKEN DOOR

#### How a Serious Lion Fight Was Prevented

#### GEORGE'S NEW SUIT

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo narrowly escaped a disaster when a pair of lions called Alistair and Lurline broke into the home of two other lions known as Simba and Patricia.

Early one morning between 6.30 and 7 ominous snarls were heard coming from the direction of the two dens. The head-keeper, hurrying forward to seek the cause of the disturbance, found to his horror that Alistair and Lurline had broken the iron door separating them from their neighbours and had walked into their den.

Scrapping and snarling were in progress, and the man had to work quickly to prevent the animals from starting to fight. Happily the lions were ready for their breakfast and, more docile than their mates, readily responded to his voice.

#### Separated Without Bloodshed

Arming himself with a broom and a supply of meat the head-keeper opened the door of the second den. Then one of the under-keepers lured Simba to a far corner by means of a joint while the head-keeper hastily thrust a broom between the lionesses and threw one ration of meat to Patricia and another joint through the dividing doorway.

Lurline went through the door after the meat and the keeper persuaded Alistair to follow his mate by means of more meat. Thus the two families were separated without bloodshed.

How Lurline and Alistair managed to break down the door is a mystery, but had the accident occurred a little earlier the result would have been serious.

George, one of the Zoo's two king penguins, is now flaunting a strikingly immaculate autumn outfit—black suit, white shirt, and orange tie. For about a week or ten days before he appeared in his new guise George was not on view, for, as though they feel conscious of looking almost ludicrous while undergoing the process of moulting, all penguins seek solitude when they are about to change their covering.

Accordingly when George began to moult he was allowed to retire to a darkened cave where no one could see him plucking out his old feathers.

#### Stranger and Stranger

He looked queer enough during the first stage of moulting, and as it progressed he looked stranger and stranger, for he began to moult at the feet, and toward the end he had odd tufts of old feathers round his neck and on his head.

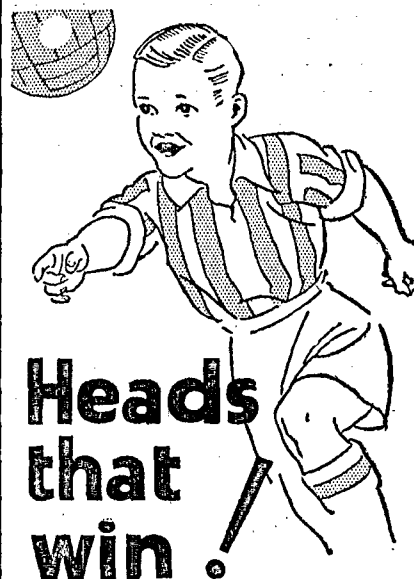
At length all his old covering fell off and he then walked out of the cave, took a long bath, and emerged from the water feeling and looking his best. He now makes his colleague Percy look rather shabby, for Percy has not moulted for three years and is covered with feathers which are almost a uniform greyish-white.

Percy's condition is thought to be due to old age. However, although he may not look so beautiful as George, he is the friend of every child who goes to the Zoo. He adores young visitors, and is delighted when they take hold of his flapper and walk "hand-in-hand" with him round his home.

#### SOVIET SCOUTS

The Boy Scouts and Girl Guides of Russia are called Young Pioneers and they seem to be flourishing.

Over 5,000,000 of them were camping last summer. They practise home rule, and the movement seems to be playing a large part in the Soviet system.



**Heads  
that  
win!**

If your hair is tidy you'll always appear cool and calm even in exciting moments. Just a spot or two of Anzora in the morning will keep your hair tidy all day. And there's no grease in Anzora to spoil pillows or hats. If your hair is dry use the Viola. And if you want your head to shine use Anzora Brilliantine. Sold at all Chemists and Hairdressers, the Cream and Viola in 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 bottles, and the Brilliantine in 1/- bottles.

**ANZORA**  
MASTERS THE HAIR

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6



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**THRILLS  
FOR  
TEA TIME**

Just imagine  
having eight-  
een of the love-  
liest biscuits  
to choose from  
at tea time!  
Ask mummy to  
buy you some.



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**CARR'S**  
of CARLISLE

PER HALF  
POUND

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# MINISTERING ANGELS IN THE SKY

## A New Career Open For Women

### THE AIR STEWARDESS

A new and thrilling career has opened for women. It is one which brings them in touch with the public in a useful capacity, carries them a distance equal to five and a half times around the world every year, demands the last ounce of their kindness, courage, and common sense, yet lets them keep their heads in the clouds a good part of the time—the career of air stewardess.

But one has to be an A1 young woman to go into this work. Of every 100 who apply 99 are rejected; and only one in 250 applicants suits on all points.

#### The Qualifications

The ideal air stewardess is in her early twenties, 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighing 8 stones 13 lbs. Her nerves are of the steadiest, her faith the most firm, and it shows in her face. Her smile inspires confidence. Needless to say, she is the acme of tidiness and trustworthiness. And she must love to serve.

A girl with these qualifications may think of this work, but first she must become a trained nurse. Her duties include advising travellers about what and when they should eat, calming their anxieties if they are nervous, being ready for any emergency, and administering First Aid when needed.

As many people travel by air to reach hospitals quickly the stewardess has to be ready to care for adults in pain or to serve as temporary nurse to small children.

#### To Mothers Everywhere

*A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home*

# AFTER 314 YEARS

## A Mayflower Memorial

Fifty years ago Dr Morley Punshon, a famous Wesleyan lecturer, visited Plymouth and lectured in King Street Methodist Church on the Mayflower men who, in 1620, had sailed from Plymouth Barbican in quest of religious freedom in a new land.

A lad in the audience named Winnicott was thrilled by the story, especially when the lecturer exclaimed, "Who knows that a lad here may not set the bells a-ringing, or what may be achieved by a boy in this assembly?"

For some time the Plymouth City Fathers have been dissatisfied with the way in which the site was marked from which the Pilgrim Fathers set out for a new world. It consisted of a granite slab marked "Mayflower, 1620," set in the Barbican Pier in 1900.

#### A White Gateway

The lad Winnicott is now Sir Frederick Winnicott, ex-mayor of the City, and, learning of the suggestion that some worthier memorial should mark the spot, he recalled the lecture of half a century ago, and counted it a privilege to offer to bear the cost of a better memorial.

The story of how the offer came to be made was told by the Mayor of Plymouth (Mr Stanley Leatherby) when he unveiled the new memorial 314 years to a day after the sailing of the little vessel of 180 tons. The voyage began on Wednesday, September 6, 1620, and the memorial was unveiled on Wednesday, September 5, 1934.

The memorial itself, symbolical of the spirit which moved the Puritans, stands sturdily, like a white gateway to the ocean, exactly as the Pilgrim Fathers must have visualised the mouth of the River Plym.

# SEVENTY YEARS OF STAMPS

## Most of Them Better Than Ours

It is not 100 years since the first postage stamp was printed, yet a famous firm is celebrating the jubilee of its stamp catalogue.

The first stamp, and one of the first stamp collectors, saw the light in the same year, 1840. A quarter of a century later Stanley Gibbons issued his first catalogue of 16 pages; his firm's jubilee edition has over 2000 pages!

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Turning over the pages of the Gibbons Jubilee Edition we recognise the pride of Nicaragua in her railways, the rejoicings of Uruguay when her football team was victorious at the Olympic Games, the honour France pays to her great men, the wild life of Abyssinia, Professor Piccard's balloon, signs of Russia's great experiments in cooperative labour. Many another exciting little picture is here, and many a distinction pointed out between apparently similar stamps, so that the most modest collector becomes anxious to have for himself more of these evidences of world culture and ideals, and the most enthusiastic is stimulated to study his treasures more closely in the hope of finding rarities among them.

One thing we notice—most other stamps are better than ours, for in this we are probably the world's worst country.

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It does not pretend to take you everywhere or to tell you everything; but a splendid companion it is for all who wander on the hills and in the dales and by the rivers of this county which was a kingdom before England was a nation, and which has a wonder within it unsurpassed for an Englishman by the wonder of any equal area in the world.

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Our Companion takes us naturally round Canterbury, for Mrs Gardiner has written her book within the precincts. She takes us about the Isle of Thanet and the Isle of Sheppey and in the Romney Marshes, along the Medway, and through the Stour Valley to Sevenoaks, and about the Weald and in the charming valley of the Darent.

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# THE RED LIGHT

A Mystery Story  
By John Mowbray

## CHAPTER 19 The Missing Link

Now when Crittall so calmly denied any recollection of the Modern Language Prize Mr Farrington was so furious that he could very nearly have struck him, but, restraining himself, he said instead, with a rasp, "Well, Crittall, you have bidden goodbye to your prospect of winning that prize. Or any prize. Or any prize—do you hear me?"

For Crittall had only answered with his blank stare.

"Did you hear me, Crittall?"

"Yes, sir," said Crittall.

"And what have you got to say?"

"I've nothing to say, sir. What Modern Language Prize, sir?"

Trembling with indignation he found hard to control, Mr Farrington launched the last shaft of his sarcasm. "Well, what a pity!" he uttered, spinning each word out.

"Sir, what is a pity?" said Crittall.

"That you did not quite get back in time for roll."

"But I did," gaped Crittall. "You heard me answer my name, sir."

"Oh, no, you were not late at all," was the frigid rejoinder. "Not so many minutes late, Crittall. Not so many minutes!"

Crittall smiled like one congratulating himself. "Well, I did have rather a squeak, sir," he said. "I should have been late if I hadn't put on a spurt. I forgot how the time went."

"Ah," said Mr Farrington, at the end of his patience. "And now we'll hear what the Headmaster has to say to you." And he marched Crittall off.

That evening Deane came striding into the Sixth Room during their agreeable forty minutes between Prep and bedtime. "Well," he uttered, raising his voice to secure their attention, "young Crittall's come back all right, but he's come rather funny."

"How do you mean, he's come back rather funny?" cried Wilde, with his habit of echoing a speaker's words.

And Channing laughed, "Of course, everyone knows Crittall's back, Deane."

"Yes," said Deane, "but you don't know how he's come back?"

"On his legs, I suppose," said Channing, laughing again.

"He's come back," Deane answered gravely, "without his memory."

They stared at him. Channing said, "Don't try to be funny, Deane."

"It's a fact. Crittall has come back without his memory. His mind is an absolute blank!"

Deane waited for this to sink in. Then, "An absolute blank," he repeated.

"How do you mean," exclaimed Wilde, "that his mind is an absolute blank?"

"Just what I said," Deane retorted. "He imagines today is last Saturday."

"Are you serious, old man?"

"Of course I am," Deane rejoined testily. "Crittall thinks he has just come in from his Saturday walk."

"He hasn't any idea that he's been away!"

"Not the faintest. He has no more idea than the man in the moon!"

"But he's been away four nights."

"Yes, four nights," said Deane.

They began to talk excitedly among themselves. Crittall had looked all right when he turned up at roll; no one had said they'd seen any difference in him. No, according to all reports he had looked none the worse, and he had spoken quite naturally, not like a chap dazed.

This threw them back on Deane. "Look here, tell us all about it," they insisted.

"I can only tell you what Lakin has been telling me. Farrington marched Crittall away to the Head, and the youngster didn't know he'd run away! The Head questioned him; then had Lakin fetched across also, and both of them questioned him, but it was no go. Young Crittall just kept on thinking it was Saturday, and talking about his walk, and his wood, and his primroses."

"There are no primroses yet."

"Who said there were? It seems Crittall went to the wood to spot where the primroses come. He said he had asked Harbour to go along with him. But Harbour didn't turn up, though he said he had reminded him just before dinner. The Head said very quickly: Before dinner when, Crittall?"

And Crittall answered, Today, sir. Just before dinner. Did you ever hear the like of it in your life!"

"I suppose they asked him what day it was now?"

"Yes, of course, Channing. Lakin said, What's today, Crittall? Crittall stared and said, Saturday, sir."

"Then what did they do?"

"What would they do? Send for the doctor. They kept him there, of course, and sent for the doctor."

"He put Crittall through it?"

"Absolutely. First he made young Crittall squat down and talk to him quietly about all kinds of general things, to set him at his ease and not to alarm him, and then he gradually led up to the business and began to explore Crittall's mind. It was perfectly normal: not excited or anything of that sort. But it was just, the doctor said afterwards, like the page of a book from which a great chunk is missing. Ninety-six hours of Crittall's life had clean gone!"

"Phew!" said Channing.

"The doctor inquired if Crittall had been overworking."

"Well, has he?"

"Lakin thinks that quite likely. Crittall was going all out, you know, for the Modern Language Prize."

"Yes, and I happen to know that he was as keen as a knife to pull it off."

"Is that so, Channing?"

"It certainly is," replied Channing. "And what's more, he'll win that prize as sure as eggs, Deane. I've seen some of his work. I tell you he's a corker at German and French!" For once Channing sounded almost enthusiastic.

"Is that so?" uttered Deane. "Then you listen." He claimed the general attention again. "Listen!" he urged. "I told you that Crittall remembers everything up to Saturday. Well, there's one exception—

which the doctor says gives a clue to his diagnosis of overwork as the cause of the trouble. Crittall can't remember one word of his French or his German!"

"Phew!" Channing ejaculated.

"It's a fact. He seemed stupefied when they told him he used to be good at them!"

"Oh, they told him that?"

"Yes. Testing him, I suppose. They asked if he didn't remember the prize?"

"And he didn't."

"Apparently it has all gone clean out of his mind!"

"Well, said Wilde," and what are they going to do with him now?"

"They have packed him off to the San, for observation. For the next few days the doctor will visit him there to see how he's going on."

"I suppose his memory might come back as suddenly as it went?"

"I suppose it might. I believe old Benson thinks so."

"But Benson isn't at all certain what made it go?"

"No, Channing, he isn't," said Deane. "He thinks it was either overwork or some shock!"

Channing started. "A shock, did you say, Deane?"

"Yes, perhaps some shock which Crittall received in the wood. Or somewhere on his walk. Some bad shock perhaps."

"Did the doctor say a 'bad' shock?" Wilde remarked, thoughtfully.

"Yes. Overwork or a bad shock. So Lakin told me!"

"I am not surprised," spoke a toneless voice from the door.

## CHAPTER 20

### Grim Things

THEY started and swung round to see who it was. They saw Gastalin, with a shadowy smile on his lips. He had slipped in without a sound and been quietly listening. "I am not surprised," he repeated under his breath, as though in actual fact he spoke to himself, but all of them felt that the words were meant for their ears.

"Confound you, man! What a start you gave us!" growled Channing.

Gastalin dropped his eyes. "I'm sorry," he murmured. "Did I startle you, Channing? I'm sorry. Your nerves must be dicky." He paused and, passing his hand across his sleek hair, he lifted his gaze, very slowly, to Channing's face. "Channing," he said, "I should hate you to get a bad shock. I should hate you to get a bad shock like young Crittall's."

"Get out!" stormed Channing. "Get out! Or I'll throw you out."

"No, don't do that," said Gastalin. "I advise you not to do that, Channing. It might not be good for you. Such grim

things happen at Bodlands. Such ugly grim things, Channing."

And he slipped from the room as soundlessly as he had entered.

Channing's face had turned pale. He glanced at the others. "That's true enough," he uttered in a hoarse whisper.

"What's true enough?" said Deane.

"That grim things happen at Bodlands. Ugly, grim things. Those were his words for them, weren't they?"

They avoided one another's eyes. There was silence.

Then suddenly Wilde burst out, "I can't understand that chap Gastalin. There is something about him that strikes me as unwholesome. Do you think he knows more about Bodlands than any of us do?"

"That depends how much we know," Deane replied, frowning. "Hearsay, and gossip, and rumour. And things we haven't—talk about," he added, slowly.

"Yes, and things we haven't to talk about," Channing echoed wildly, in a high-pitched quivering voice so unlike his own. "You've hit the nail on the head, Deane. Where will it end? I say, where will it end?"

He rushed headlong out of the room. And once more the uncomfortable silence fell on them all.

But similar queer little spells of uncomfortable silence kept falling upon a good many people all through the school. And March came in to find none of them easy in mind. Even Popplestone and the blithe Truman were no exceptions, though they had their own private worries to think about. Remark, for instance, their dismal aspect just now as they went mooning round in that half-acre or so of No Man's Land behind the Fives Courts, with the well-worn trail to tuckshop across it.

For their faces were not set in tuckshop's direction. With every step they left tuckshop farther behind, having shaken its inhospitable dust off their shoes.

At least, Truman declared they had shaken its dust off their shoes. But Popplestone, always inclined to take everything literally, said that there wasn't any dust in tuckshop, to start with; and that actually, to go on with, they had been fired.

"I do think Tim might have given us tick," he said sadly.

"Tim is a stinger," said Truman. "You heard me explain to him that the doctor said the school grub didn't agree with us, so we ought to eat less stodgy puddings and lots more meringues. You heard me tell him that distinctly enough."

"I did," And he said he didn't believe you," sighed Pop.

"In other words, he called old Doctor Benson a liar!"

"Well, you or old Benson," Popplestone corrected.

"And didn't I tell him that anyhow March was a new month, so bygones ought to be bygones?" Truman continued.

"You did, old boy. And he said that was all jolly fine but we'd better square him up for February first."

Having catalogued their grievances, Truman felt better. "Well, it's worth it," he pronounced, "it's been worth it, old man! I'd much rather spend the cash on our radio set!"

"I wouldn't," said Popplestone, gloomily.

Truman started, and gaped. Was his Popcorn deserting him? Had the faithful Popcorn grown sick of their radio at last! "You're not serious, Pop?" he faltered, with a bleak face. "You're not going to chuck—"

"Getting nothing but Stuttgart? Why shouldn't I?" Pop interjected. "It wasn't so bad when we had Madrid or even Oslo. But I'm hanged if I'm going to start learning any more languages just to oblige the people at the B.B.C."

"Oh, Pop!" murmured Truman.

"Well, why should I?" growled the deserter.

A forlorn silence followed, while Truman stood hanging his head and trying to think of the answer to this real stumper. The Popcorn's eyes had dropped too; they were fixed on the ground, and he was stubbing glumly at the turf with his toe. Until slowly Truman brought his gaze up to his friend and as slowly the Popcorn let his own rise to meet it. Popcorn gave a queer little gulp, and "I didn't mean it," he stammered out with a rush. "Old boy, you know I never meant it."

"Of course I knew all the time," fibbed Truman, as he slipped his arm through the skinny arm all ready for it.

A skinny arm with an elbow as sharp as a chisel, which a minute later was nudging Truman's plump ribs. "Look who's coming!" Popplestone whispered, in an awed voice.

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO TREATS THE BOYS

JACKO was running to school one morning when a gust of wind blew something at his feet.

"Coo! Here's luck!" he exclaimed, finding it was a ten-shilling note.

"Blown from the land of Nowhere, and not a soul in sight!" he chuckled. Then he ran to his father's office to leave his treasure in safety till lunch-time.

Father Jacko took the note and gave him half a crown to buy a Postal Order that he wanted.



They pushed him along to the tuckshop

All that morning Jacko's thoughts were decidedly busy—but not with his lessons. He was picturing all the things he was going to buy with the precious ten note.

"Mum's the word, mind you!" he had whispered to his chum, when telling the good news.

But it wasn't Chimp who let the secret out after all. Jacko's giggles soon made it plain that something was up.

"You look as if you'd lost sixpence and found a shilling," the boys said to him at playtime.

"One? I've found ten of 'em!" cried Jacko excitedly.

Father Jacko peered over his glasses. "I've found something too," he grunted.

"What?" cried Jacko.

"The owner," answered Father. "It was old Mrs Tucker's pension, and she cried for joy at getting it back again."

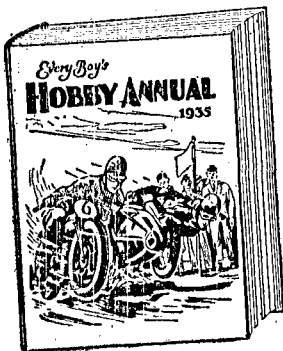
Jacko swallowed hard and said: "That's all right. Good luck to her."

But his face fell when he remembered what he'd done with the half-crown.

He blurted it all out, and to his surprise his father burst out laughing.

"If you take my advice, son," he said, "you'll never spend a penny you can't put your hand on." And that was the last Jacko heard of it.





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Hugon's  
**'ATORA'**  
*The Good*  
**BEEF SUET**

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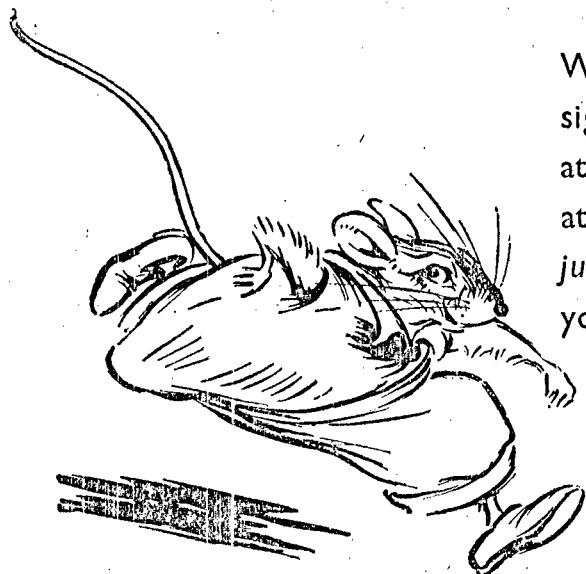
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100 tested Recipes are given in the 'Atora' Recipe Book. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

N.4

## FOLLOW THIS COCOCUB, CHILDREN!

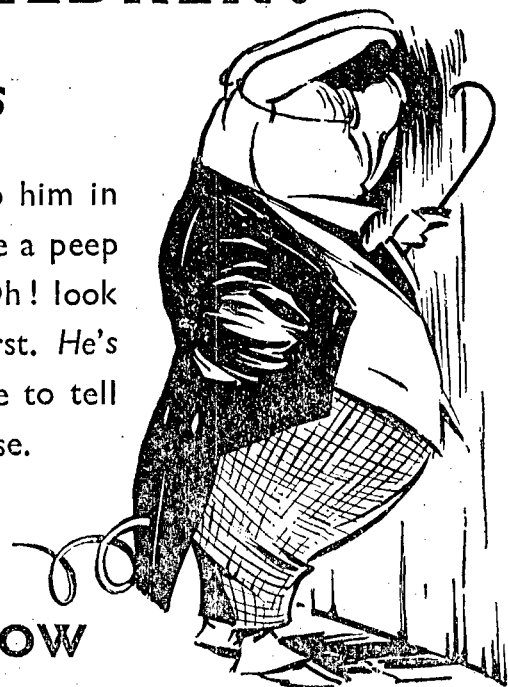
*He knows all about your gifts*



Willy Mouse is in a hurry—but keep him in sight. He's off to the old barn to have a peep at those surprises for you children. Oh! look at Mr. Pie Porker—he got there first. He's just going to open the door... Too late to tell you more about the Cococubs' surprise.

**NEXT WEEK—**

**YOU'LL KNOW**





The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

October 6, 1934

Every Thursday, 2d

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## THE BRAN TUB

### A Hundred Copies

IN eight days a certain newsagent sold a hundred copies of the C.N. Each day he sold three more copies than on the previous day. How many copies did he sell each day? *Answer next week*

### Ici On Parle Français



La rue Street  
Le crapaud Toad  
La tente Tent

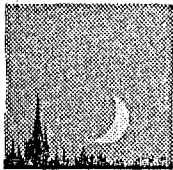
Cette rue n'est pas très animée. Le crapaud se nourrit d'insectes. Les soldats ont dressé une tente.

### Next Week in the Countryside

THE last of the swallows are seen leaving England for the South. The ladybirds go into hibernation. Crab-apples are ripe and falling. Hazel and elm leaves turn yellow. The maple, beech, white poplar, cherry tree, ash, aspen, honey-suckle, Lombardy poplar, and elder begin to lose their leaves.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Saturn is in the South and Uranus is in the South-East. In the morning Venus is in the East and Mars is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 5 p.m. on October 12.



### Beheadings

WHOLE, I'm not distant—in fact, close by; Behead me, a part of a dog you spy.

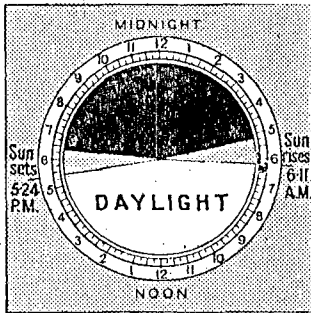
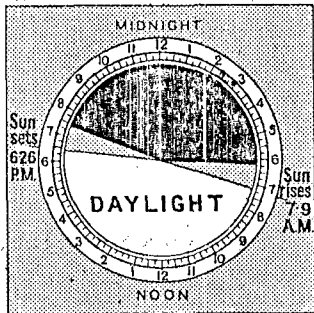
At first a timepiece you behold; Behead, a fastening for a door, I'm told.

Whole, I'm at no time, choose what you say; Behead me, I'm always—always and a day. *Answer next week*

### Blowing Cold

HERE is an interesting experiment in which we can make ice by blowing. Roll up a large sheet of blotting-paper to form a tube with a diameter of about an inch, and paste down the edge of the paper. With scissors cut three inches of one end of the tube into narrow strips so that a fringe is formed. Soak the fringe in methylated spirit and then blow down the tube, being careful of course not to inhale

## How the Day Goes Back To Greenwich Time



SUMMER TIME ends on Sunday. These two charts indicate (left) daylight, twilight, and darkness on October 6, the last day of Summer Time, and (right) on October 7, the first day of Greenwich Time.

the evaporating spirit. There is no need to blow hard, the aim being to keep up a steady current of air. Soon the fringe becomes stiff and coated with hoar frost.

The explanation is that methylated spirit evaporates very quickly, and the process goes on much more rapidly owing to the current of air, thus producing a low temperature that actually falls to freezing-point.

### Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in river, but not in stream,  
My second's in milk but not in cream,  
My third is in clever but not in wise,  
My fourth is in tumble but not in rise,  
My fifth is in stove-pipe but not in heat,  
My sixth is in sugar but not in sweet,  
My seventh's in pay but not in tip,  
My whole is a very famous old ship. *Answer next week*

### Name and Address

A MAN was very puzzled when he received a note signed

Wood

Hants

Some time later he realised that it was a friend's cryptic way of writing his name and address: A. Underwood, Andover, Hants.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Broken Bulbs. 1s 9d

Riddle in Rhyme. August

Tangled Cathedral Cities

Norwich, Winchester, Worcester, Carlisle, Truro, Lichfield.

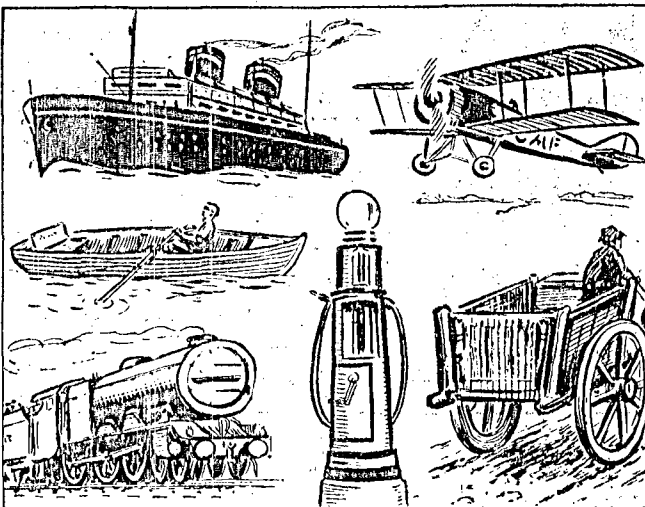
### A Strange Coin

Rouble (double, trouble)

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| N | O | M | A | D | S | E | T | A | C | T | O | R |
| E | R | A | E | P | I | G | R | A | M | R | F | A |
| A | T | O | N | A | L | A | P | P | L | E | I |   |
| R | H | E | A | I | D | O | G | M | A | K | I | N |
| E | E | T | A | R | R | R | U | G | E | R | E |   |
| R | A | N | D | E | P | A | R | T | S | P | O | D |
| R | A | I | D | A | T | E | E | D | E | N |   |   |
| A | S | P | S | S | W | E | D | E | O | A | I | S |

## A Double Acrostic in Pictures



FIND the six words represented by these drawings and write them one under another in such order that the initial and final letters spell things that are brought by the postman. *Answer next week*

## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

WHILE Keith was playing in the copse old Mrs Williams came out of her cottage and began to gather sticks. "I have to get as many as I possibly can, Master Keith," she explained to the little boy, who was swinging on a branch close by; "my old man's been ill, and I must keep him warm somehow."

"I'll help you," cried Keith, and he jumped down from his perch and helped Mrs Williams to collect a large bundle of sticks. There was a small tree lying on the edge of the wood quite dead. "If we could carry that tree it would last a lovely long time," panted Keith under his load.

"I'm afraid it's far too heavy for us," sighed Mrs

Williams, "but I shall be able to get a good fire tonight with what we've got here. Thank you for your help."



"I'll help you," cried Keith

Then Keith had an idea, and he raced off to find his big brother Colin. Colin had had a fine carpenter's set for his birthday; and Keith

begged his brother to bring his new saw and cut up the fallen tree into logs.

Colin, who hadn't anything else to do and who was always ready to use his precious saw, agreed.

"You bring your cart along and we'll pile the logs into it," he told Keith, as he set off.

Colin saved up the thinner branches quite easily, but the thick ones took much longer, and he was soon very warm. Still he went on; and Keith gathered up the cut wood and packed it into his toy wagon and trundled it along to Mrs Williams's little cottage.

The old woman raised her hands in delight when she saw what the boys were doing.

## Dr MERRYMAN

### The Difference

MOTHER: You mustn't teach your little sister those slang words.

Jack: I wasn't, Mother. I was telling her what she mustn't say.

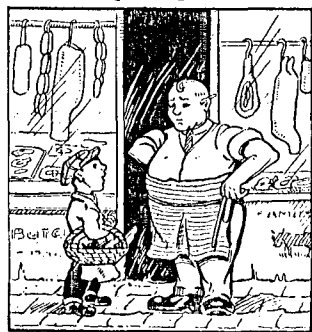
### His Hero

A BOY stopped a well-known cricketer and asked him for his autograph.

"But I've signed your book before, sonny," he replied, although secretly flattered.

"Yes, I know, sir; but when I get ten of yours I can swap them for one of Jack Hobbs."

### Impressing Him



THE customer at Number Four Has newly painted his front door,

Said Mr Bags, with stern expression.

Now let me hear of no complaint Of finger-marks upon the paint, But try to make a good impression.

### Time Passes

THE would-be diner was getting impatient.

"By the way, you are the waiter who took my order?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I am," was the reply.

"You are still looking well, I see. And how are your grandchildren?"

### Deception

RASTUS: Is dat new mule ob yours much help wid your work?

Pete: Not yet. I hab to watch where he goes and den follow him just to keep up appearance ob being de driver.

### Long Service

MR AND MRS DE SMYTHE were entertaining visitors.

"I must congratulate you on your cook," remarked one of the visitors. "An old family cook, no doubt?"

"Well, yes," replied Mrs De Smythe, "she's been with us ten or eleven meals."

## KEITH LENDS A HAND

"Dearie me!" she said. "Now that is kind of you both to take that trouble," and she helped Keith to stack the wood in her little shed.

"I'll finish off the old tree tomorrow," promised Colin.

"Thank you, Master Colin," said Mrs Williams, "but you mustn't go at it too hard."

"Oh, it's good exercise," replied Colin.

It actually took them several days to finish cutting up the little tree; and one evening they saw Mrs Williams coming up their drive with a large basket of ripe red apples.

"Fancy all those for us!" cried Keith, skipping with joy.

And even Colin grinned and said, "I'll soon have my teeth into some of those!"

## THROAT working overtime?



## soothe it with a pastille

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Take care of your Throat—take

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# BE PARTICULAR



WHY ASK SIMPLY FOR BROWN BREAD? THERE ARE ALL SORTS—GOOD AND LESS GOOD BE PARTICULAR AND SAY

# HOVIS

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield